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May 1991 Volume 2 Number 11

CMM

Colorado's Music Magazine

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CONTENTS

Issue 11
MAY 1991

Features

KILLING JOKE by Tom Headbanger 10
KIDD PHAROAH by Philip Holmes 10
ROBBY KRIEGER & 2ND GENERATION by Roxanna Alday 11
KING'S X by Scott Stratton 13
COUP DE GRAS by Scott Stratton 14
WARM FLESH AND COLD STEEL by Tom Headbanger 22
:ZOVIET FRANCE: by Joel Haertling 24

Departments

MAIL 4
BLOODLINE 5
SHOW REVIEWS Godflesh, Deee-Lite, Kodo Drummers, Jonathan Richman, Culture, Maggie's Dream, Sisters of Mercy . . . . . .
COLORADO CALENDAR 14
ALBUM REVIEWS 18
CLUBS LISTINGS 23
CLASSIFIEDS 25

Columns

Rx by Roxanna Alday 7
RONCALIO by Frank Roncalio 12
RAT'S NEST by Patrick Barber 21
IN SOUNDS FROM WAY OUT by Boyd Rice . . 25

Comics

DR. AUTOPSY by Smallhead 24
AMERICAN PHENOMENA by Skillet 25

Cover

ROBBY KRIEGER & 2ND GENERATION
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CMM
Colorado's Music Magazine

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MAIL

NASTY, NASTY!

Dear Editor:

I would like to say a few things in regards to some of the things said about Upstage in previous issues by fans of other bands.

I have heard Upstage play several times and they are not just an okay band, they are good. They are worth seeing and definitely worth listening to. They are not a band full of glitter and glam, but they are definitely to-the-point and real. They appeal to people of all ages, and that's not easy.

Don't get me wrong, I do give other bands credit. I'm not writing to lash out at them, but their fans. To me, there is only three reasons for this behavior:

1. They are bopping one of the band members.
2. They wish they were bopping one of the band members, or
3. They don't know music if it hit them in the face.

Upstage is here and are hot; you can't knock 'em down. So put your jealous bullshit aside and give credit where credit is due and get over it. They deserved the review they received.

Thank you,
Ang'

NAME THAT (TELE)TUNE

Dear Editor:

Although this letter does not exactly pertain to your magazine or the contents thereof, I hope you will print it because this is probably the only vehicle in which I can relay my disgust. Ok, here's bitch number one....

Remember about two years ago when you could turn Teletunes on and catch a Chili Peppers, an Anthrax, a Cure and the mandatory Nitzer Ebb video, all on the same program? What the fuck happened? Why don't they just call their show "Alain Jourgensen is God"? I mean their playlist is like a Wax Trax! records discography. I have nothing against industrial music, but can you say v-a-r-i-e-t-y? I mean, all these videos look the fucking same—The black-and-white images changing every split second, the religious and political figures thrown in for "depth," the computer f/x, all culminating towards the climactic "three anorexic freaks brutalizing a defenseless brick (or other symbol of mankind's futile decadence)." Isn't KBDI a public station? I guess when they were asking for donations, every 14-year-old club-hopping kabuki signed over their lunch money to insure the station's commitment to mediocrity.

And what about the jillion local bands that supposedly have videos in heavy rotation? I think we have enough local talent to warrant a three-minute break from the "Wide World of Jourgensen" every month or so. Maybe they do show local clips and I'm just so mesmerized by the endless loop of drum-machines to notice.

Let's talk MTV: Now *that's* an alternative. You got "Headbanger's Ball." Who the fuck bangs their head to Trixter? "120 Minutes" only shows this British hippy-folk-dance-acid-polka. Wanna talk Soup Dragons? How about bandwagons? If I see one more of these floppy-haired Brit bands, I'll wish we let them fry in WWII. At least MTV doesn't have these spiral-permed, carrot-topped zombie VJs.

Anyway, somebody has got to do something about "our" local music program. If not, anyone that passes through and sees this abomination will think everyone in Denver is some depressed stand-in for Edward Scissorhands.

Sincerely,
Tim from 9 Pals

P.S. How 'bout that R&B showcase? Listen kids, just 'cause there are black people in a band doesn't mean it has to be R&B. (I hope they don't find out there's a, um, black guy in Die Warzau; that could cause chaos...!)

P.P.S. (No wonder the rest of the world thinks we're a bunch of inbred mutants.)

ON BROADWAY

Dear Editor,

On Saturday, March 2, the band Agression had a show at the Broadway. Unfortunately, they were barely able to finish a song because of the incompetent people running the Broadway.

The two bands that played first were begging people to dance, but no one did until Agression took the stage. A few people began to mosh, but there was not a problem until the management cut the power in the middle of the first song. At first I thought it was a power failure, but I was wrong. It seems the owner didn't like the way we were dancing so he jeopardized damaging the bands equipment by cutting the power. The lead singer asked everyone dancing to put their hands in their pockets. That still didn't please the owner so he began to close the curtain. This infuriated the crowd as well as the band. Everyone started chanting "Bullshit...Bullshit" which soon escalated into "Broadway sucks." The band and the drunk bouncers had it out a bit until someone started shouting that the cops were coming. The behavior of those involved with the Broadway was disgusting.

If the Broadway can't handle the crowds who PAY MONEY to see the bands there, they should hire someone who can! What is Original Projects [booking agent for the venue] doing anyway??

Signed,
Ripped Off at the Broadway

BLOODLINE

TOURING TIME: If you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear some flowers in your hair.....and while you're at it, keep your eyes open for **Dance on Fire** flyers. The band is reportedly burning up the road with gigs in Albuquerque on May 22-25, followed by a crash-pad landing in the City by the Bay. Meanwhile, **Malice in Wonderland** are planning a move to L.A., while thrashers **Angellic Rage** are heading out on tour in the opposite direction, hoping to find heaven (halos, right guys?) on the East Coast. Such moves have paid off for former Denverites **Michael Young Savage** (remember guerilla rockers **Mau Mau 55**?) and friends, who have found success with **Pygmy Love Circus**, as well as **Thomas "Tree" Murray**, who used to handle both drumming and vocal duties for the dance-funk trio **The Trees**. Thomas has grown roots with **Christy McCool** (check out the record review for more info), and is now concentrating solely on vocals (too bad; T.T. is one hell of a drummer!). **The Subdudes'** Cinderella story continues with *Lucky* (also see reviews), although with talent like theirs, we doubt luck has anything to do with it.....And then there's the **Warlock Pinchers**, who go on the road not in search of fame, but of the next Carl's Jr. The Pincher's album release party for *Circusized Peanuts* is scheduled for June 8 at the Gothic and will supposedly feature such vile substances as cotton candy, clown ice cream cones (huh?), circus peanuts, and a mysterious opening act called **Jerko the Clown** (and here we thought all clowns were jerks). The Pinchers will hit the West Coast May 17-June 1, and if they can tear themselves away from Circus Circus (viva, Las Vegas!), will continue their trek through the Midwest, and then the ultimate challenge: Texas....In other local news: Out of the alcoholic remnants of **Anathema** have risen **Asytole** and **Cremation**. Asytole (the medical term from that flat screaming line on the heart-monitor TV) is shopping their latest release and looking for a bassist, while Cremation opened for **Agony Column** and **Dead Orchestra** in Wichita on May 11. It's about time these lads hit a lucky streak: Just about the time vocalist **Leonard Leal** got out of jail, bassist **Tom Clenin** went in. Clenin spent a leisurely weekend as a guest of the City of Laramie after local authorities busted their gig there.... Speaking of the Big House, radical rocker **GG Allin** was released from jail on March 26, and is free to continue his unrelenting mission of mayhem, mischief and abuse of (and with) bodily fluids. His new band, **Murder Junkies**, will be assaulting a studio soon....Apparently going to jail causes problems with your recording contract, as **Agnostic Front** discovered when vocalist **Roger Miret** spent over a year in a "correctional facility." Not to worry, though; Agnostic has re-signed with In-Effect and are currently working on an album called *One Voice*. See issue #7 for the whole story, or check out *Propaganda*, a New-York based magazine that will be reprinting our Agnostic story and photos in an upcoming issue. (They even paid us, which is more than we can say for a local music magazine which used one of our photos in its debut issue—this month, in fact—without permission, payment or even a credit).....**The Fluid** have been playing everywhere (it was great to see an ad in the *L.A. Times* for their gig with **Liquid Jesus**!), yet Fluid guitarist **Matt Bischoff** has still found time for **'57 Lesbian**, a trio rounded out by ex-**Trontils** drummer **Davey Stewart** and former **Twice Wilted** bassist **Chanin Floyd**, who is also working on a project called **Barbarella** (a monicker no doubt culled from the cheesy **Jane Fonda** flick of the same name) with **Holly Hutchinson** (formerly of the **Chelsea Girls**) and **Anika Zappe**. As far as we know they have yet to play a gig, but they still received a write-up by legislative reporter-by-day/swingin'-columnist-by-night **Megan Seacord** of the *Rocky Mountain Snews*.....Multi-talented producer and musician **Bob Ferbrache** reportedly saw members of **New Kids on the Block** wearing promoter **Paul Dickerson**'s "We Never Sleep" T-shirts on MTV. We find it hard to believe, but since two members of Mexican pop group **Menudo** were recently booted out of the group for drug possession, we have faith that miracles do indeed happen. Incidentally, we've also heard that Ferbrache is planning a visit back to Denver soon; could a **Human Head Transplant** reunion gig be in the wind?..... CLUB NOTES: Look for the opening of the Fallout Shelter, an all-ages hangout cooked up by experimentalist **Paul Church**. Located beneath Faces Cafe, which will soon begin offering such culinary delights as the Tuna Meltdown, Chernobal Chili and the McFallout Burger, the club is currently being re-decorated and constructed by a band of young artists. **The John Hinkley Experience**, a band which at last count had seven songs, will play opening night.....The Lion's Lair is now presenting local bands in a seriously intimate setting on Sunday nights, with **Jux County** breaking in the venue on May 4. The Sunday schedule is already booked (see Clubs listings) with a tasty variety of original music.....The once-mighty Tracks (later Uhuru, which met its demise in a closing-night riot) has re-mixed, re-dubbed, and re-emerged as The 90's, an open-minded dance club featuring **NO Madonna** nights. Now that's got potential! And as an added bonus, it's within easy stumbling distance of both the Skyline Cafe and the Foxhole.....Speaking of the 90's, scope your local TV listings for the 90's Channel. Although it was started to give us a different view of the Gulf War and is still in its fetal stages (lots of repeats), the channel has continued to cover such alternative topics as hemp, conservation, CIA corruption, etc. in a style that is refreshingly free of fluff and bullshit .....REEFER MADNESS: On May 9 Auraria Campus officials censored speakers participating in Hemp Tour '91. The speakers—who promote hemp for food, fuel, fiber and medicine—were accused of "promoting drugs" (the hemp plant also produces marijuana), and their P.A. system was removed by a maintenance crew. A representative of the Colorado chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union called the campus action "constitutionally outrageous," and the ACLU and Hemp Tour organizers are considering taking legal action against Auraria officials. On May 10, the Hemp Tour ran into further trouble in Colorado Springs, where songstress/legal marijuana recipient **Elvy Musikka** received a summons to appear in court for possessing under an ounce of her own prescription medicine (for glaucoma)!....Zine alert! A couple worth writing for: **Culture Geist**, 1401 Hendrick Dr., Carbondale, CO 81023, which features excellent art, poetry and political views along with reviews and such), and for the "new breed" of Christian punks there's **Chains & Nails**, PO Box 2232, Greeley, CO 80632.....OSMOND UPDATE: Mongo thrill-seeker **Donny Osmond** is now into race-car driving. According to the **Os**, "Racing can be a lot like singing—you can go flat in both!" Break a leg **Donny**!.....Get out your ear plugs and suntan lotion, for **Lollapalooza** is heading our way. The hella line-up includes **Jane's Addiction, Siouxie And The Banshees, Living Colour, Nine Inch Nails, Ice-T**, and the **Butthole Surfers**..... —CMM STAFF

Photo by Andrew Frey

A Denver "Supergroup": 57 Lesbian at Zenobias
(R to L) Matt Bischoff (Fluid/ex-Frantix), Chanin Floyd (Barbarella, ex-Twice Wilted), Davey Stewart (ex-Trontils/Frantix)

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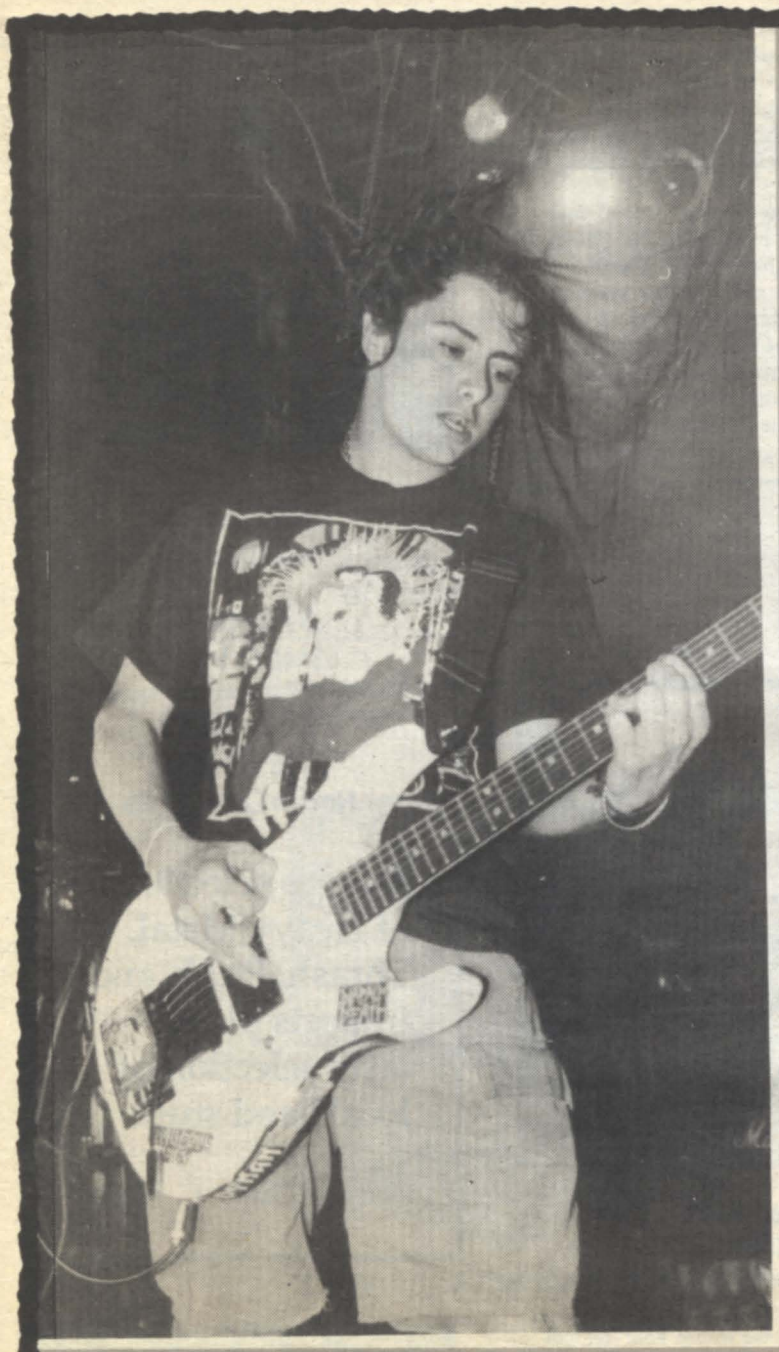

Photo by Andrew Frey

Mitch Harris of Napalm Death pumping out some brutal jams.

Photo by Andrew Frey

Agony Column horse-whips the Gothic into shape with their unique brand of Hillbilly Def Metal.

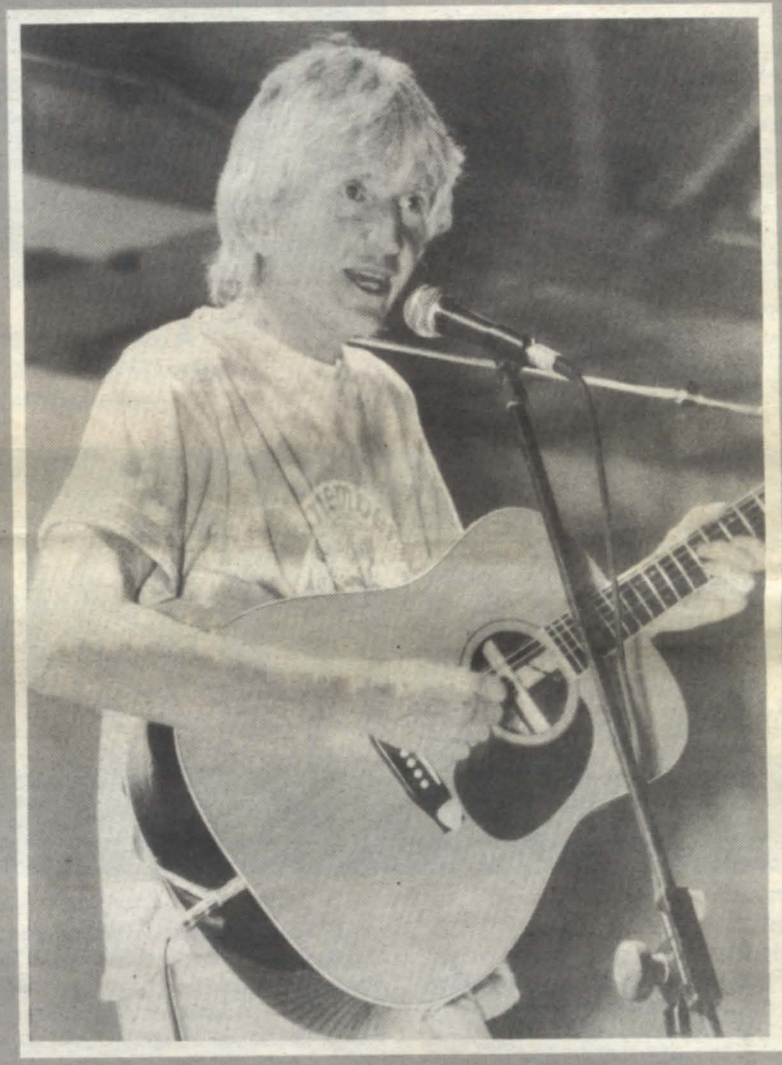

Photo by Andrew Frey

A Gongster's heaven. Daevid Allen at the Mercury

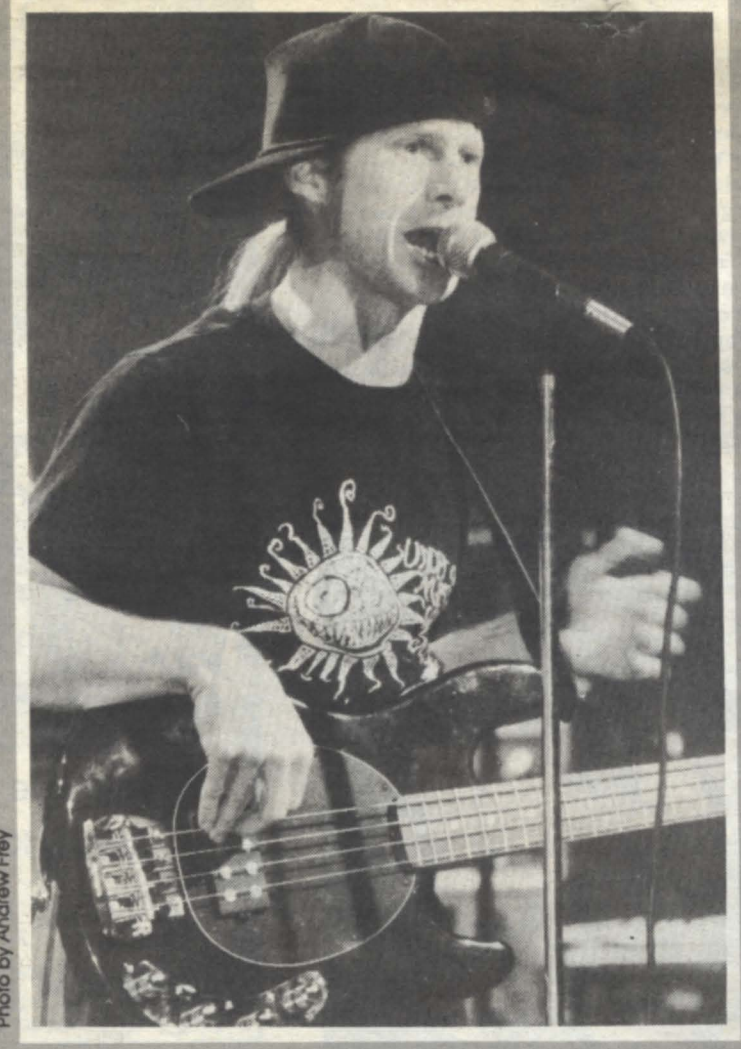

Photo by Andrew Frey

Limbomanicac's own Butthouse brings the Gothic to their knees.

Photo By Philip Holmes

Mike Edwards of Jesus Jones

Rx COLUMN

Photo by Andrew Frey

Desperate Women: These girls—Rx (upper left) and members of the Warlock Pinchers' "Satan's Cheerleaders" squad—want more than just fun: They want a pot to pee in, and if they don't get it, may be forced to take drastic measures....

URINE LUCK, GIRLS: Whether you're a woman tired of missing the show while standing in the bathroom line at concerts or just a guy who's sick of waiting for your date long after you've drained Mr. Lizard/ Wizard, all must agree: The idea of urinals for women is an idea whose time has come. According to a survey by professors at Virginia Tech University, women need an average of 153 to 181 seconds to visit the porcelain facilities, while men take between 84 and 113 seconds.

Such urinals are being tested at Memorial Stadium in Baltimore, where women got fed up with missing the 7th inning in favor of relieving near-bursting bladders. The urinals reportedly resemble the standard unit, but have hoses (oo-ick!) attached. A woman stands in front of the device, pulls a selected hose toward the target area, and a "sanitary cup" drops into a funnel on the end of the hose. The much-relieved woman then hangs up the hose and flushes.

While some may consider these urinals indiscreet, I consider them revolutionary, if not essential, especially after repeatedly being subjected the overcrowded, overflowing, under-TP'd and downright *unsanitary* "facilities" in one of the major concert venues in town. How long before disgusted women refuse to pay $20-plus for a ticket? How long before the health department shuts these venues down?

MUSIC FARCE: Oh that RMMA (Rocky Mountain Music Association) and their Music Fest! They courted us for weeks, offering us deal after deal until it became an offer (down from $350 for a booth alone to $100 PLUS a free half-page ad in the MUSIC FEST GUIDE) that we couldn't refuse. And then, the day before the 'Fest, they withdrew their offer because they found our ad—ironically, an anti-censorship message—too offensive. Hell, they even denied us press passes to cover the local showcases! But hey, what do you expect from a publication which features endorsement letters from **Gov. Romer** and **Mayor Pena** (a couple of real rockin' dudes) in its opening pages?

DEF EXEC: A special thanks goes out to Def American VP **Heidi Ellen Robinson** (the High Priestess of Publicity), who recently sent me "The Executive Letter Opener II." Unlike most useless promo items, the ELOII is a highly practical instrument. Not only can this unique object (glass-filled plastic) do what its name implies, but it weighs only a bit over an ounce ("You can tape it anywhere on your body"), you can drive it through 1/2" plywood with a hammer, and "on flesh, it's as good as steel." It will not set off a metal detector, but will show up in an X-ray, and in tact, if a "lady breaks one off in an outlaw," the manufacturer will give her a new one—FREE!

THE BOB SHOW: In early May, we were guests on **Bob Larson**'s "Talk Back" (2-4 p.m. weekdays on 800 AM). That day's show was entitled "THE BOB BE-HEADERS," an allusion to both the cover of issue #5 (which featured a decapitated likeness of this charismatic entertainer) and to recent death threats from alleged members of bands **Deicide** and **Nocturnus**. For our listening pleasure, Bob played selections from **Danzig**, **Slayer**, **Morbid Angel**, even **Carcass**. I mean, what other radio station plays this stuff? I encourage you to tune in, cuz it is HOT!

We had a blast on the Bob show, and now consider ourselves deadicated followers of the Cult Of Bob. And thanks to "**Blaspherian**," a talented lyricist who called in the day we were on, the COB already has a theme song! Tentatively titled "Anthem to Bob's Destruction," this little ditty really says it all: "$111.50, $223.12/Donate to Bob's ministry or roast in hell/821-TALK, call if you dare/But if you've got half a mind, you're off the air/My name is Bob Larson and I'm mentally dead/I'll be talking to you for the next hour about the (bleep) in my head/Laid back Christians donate to me/We're taking a beating from the enemy/Details, they must be given/There is no excitement in my religion/We raped, beat, and sodomized in prison/Molested, spill your guts on me now/I need your morbid confession/Die, die, Larson is a waste of life/Kill, kill watch his blood spill/Kill Bob Larson/Spiritual warfare/Fuel the fight/I accomplish nothing but waste your time/Heroes for the Hurting and Helpers for the Healing/Close your eyes in prayer before you see me stealing/Horrify this Prayer Family, pray for me/They're out to get us—conspiracy!/Details, they must be given/Sensationalism keeps you listening/Pathetic, hopeless, crying in despair/That's the redundancy in keeping Bob on the air/Die, die, the lord is strength, the lord is might/Give, give, because my lord cannot provide/Kill Bob Larson 823-CLUB/Flood the lines and Blessed Be from the lord divine/Become a champion, win my praise/You're saving a station while proving crime pays/Missions of mercy elaborately set up/This is a hoax, I profit, I'm corrupt/My ego won't fail me/Nor you, Jesus my lord/As I do battle with the forces of darkness over a phone cord/So go ahead, Bob, have your fun/The real war has not yet begun/Details, they must be given/Before the lord says that you are forgiven/Read the Bible, read my book/Keep hope on the Hope Line/Give, give, give/Before we run out of time/Die, die, watch 'em cry/Pay your fair share, laugh, cry/And as the Devil's puppet thinks he's the worst/Thinks he's his worst nightmare/Kill Bob Larson...."

—ROXANNA ALDAY

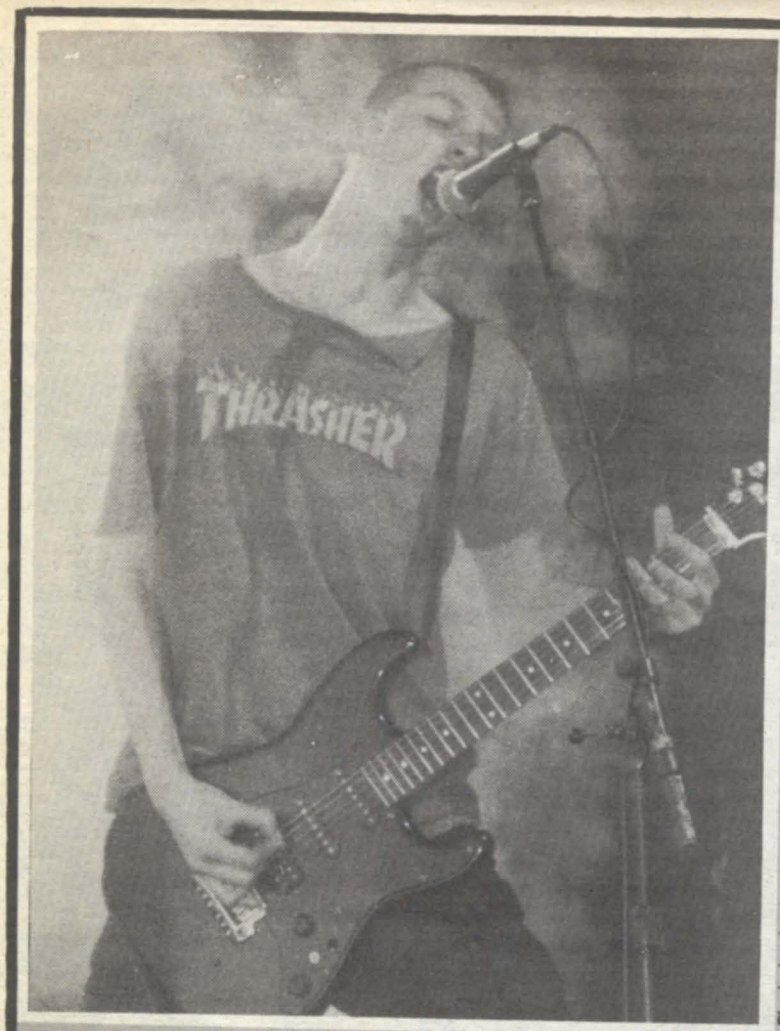

Photo by Andrew Frey

GODFLESH

w/ Napalm Death & Nocturnus

April 27: Gothic Theatre

By M. MOYNIHAN

Not being a fan of heavy metal music per se, or its more recent grindcore offshoot, I approached this concert with the barest minimum of background knowledge. I had never heard a single song by Godflesh from either of their two releases, and I knew even less about the opening and headlining bands of the night (Napalm Death and Nocturnus, neither of whom will be discussed here). The only facts I had ascertained about Godflesh were that their most recent LP was entitled *Streetcleaner* and featured an appealing cover photo. I'd also heard that they have praised the extreme UK electronic group Whitehouse in past interviews.

A truly pathetic sight was that of retarded hardcore youths elaborately "air drumming" completely out of sync with the Godflesh beat...

I've already been impressed by the enthusiasm which some of the young grindcore groups (Carcass, for example) have for certain subject matter, which up until this point had been relegated to the "Industrial" music phenomenon (the news that 40,000 youngsters are proud owners of Carcass' *Reek of Putrefaction* LP with its full-color autopsy-overload sleeve seems a healthy sign indeed). My only regret, however, is that I often find the grindcore music itself lacking in strength in some respects, and not powerful enough to carry its weight next to the sheer brutality of the visuals/song titles/etc.

Godflesh, from all initial indications, potentially seemed to be what I envisioned this genre should be all about. The *Streetcleaner* title conjured up good images, as it was unquestionably a reference to Peter Sutcliffe, who wrote a poem with the very same title, but who is more renowned for his actual "streetcleaning" operations—consisting of brutally "philosophizing" upon the heads of Yorkshire, England prostitutes with a ball-peen hammer. I was also told later by Justin Broadrick, Godflesh's vocalist/guitarist, that the LP's title also referred to the "street-sweeper" police shotguns used for controlling unruly crowds, quite fitting in light of the powerful force which the band created live, stunning the audience into submission.

A few days before the concert I read an article on the band which revealed the titles of their upcoming releases: a 12" called "Slave State" and an LP, *Pure*. "Slave State" had been the name of a seminal sadistic electronic skinhead band from Wisconsin in the late '80s; whether Godflesh were employing the title by coincidence or design was intriguing, though really not very important in the end. *Pure* has numerous extreme connotations which are a mouthful in their own right, and hardly need to be catalogued here. In any case, at this point I was determined to see the show and attempt to discern where the band was coming from with all this, and where it might be headed.

There are two main levels on which events of this sort can be absorbed: intellectually or viscerally. With regards to the former, Godflesh is clearly not a run-of-the-mill heavy metal (or grindcore) outfit, and it seems almost an accident that they have been placed in this category. The band itself is a minimal entity—a vocalist/guitarist, a bassist, and a drum machine. On recordings they also use samples and tapes to augment the sound, though these were for the most part absent in the live show. The machine rhythms are generally stripped-down to a sparse but strong backbone for their guitar wall-of-sound to lurch in tandem with. Most of the audience obviously weren't ready for what they received, and the theater was full of confused and dumbstruck expressions during Godflesh's set. The slow excruciating rhythms didn't give the kids much cause to run around in circles in front of the stage for, though sporadic violent melees did erupt consistently from the crowd. A truly pathetic sight was that of retarded hardcore youths elaborately "air drumming" completely outof sync with the Godflesh beat; made all the more hilarious by the fact that no human drummer existed for the music in the first place.

The unintelligible distorted vocals voice the frenzied return to the world of blood and beastiality.

It would be easy to elaborate on the various musical genres and references that Godflesh bring to mind with their music and lyrics/subject matter (especially after spending a few hours discussing these things with them after the show), but in the end it seems to me a bit pointless and irrelevant. For whether they realize it or not, most fans of this stuff surely get their primary stimulation and enjoyment by feeding off the visceral conjurations of the whole experience.

The music translates into a realistic sonic landscape of ultra-violence; a body vibrating with adrenalin-soaked visions of assault.

In terms of pure, brutal power, Godflesh certainly unleashes some of the strongest sound I've heard. They "deliver the goods," so to speak. Their slow, churning tempo roots itself in the image of bludgeoning-open skulls on the corner of a brick wall. Irregardless of what the lyrics might be, the unintelligible distorted vocals voice the frenzied return to the world of blood and beastiality. Beyond any limiting moral considerations, the music translates into a realistic sonic landscape of ultra-violence; a body vibrating with adrenalin-soaked visions of assault. Depending on which side of the equation you place yourself, it's sadism or masochism; domination or servitude. Personally, caught up in such a whirling soundtrack for atrocities, I intend to be the one wielding the hammer....

Photo by Gregory Daurer

Deee-Lite

April 18: Gothic Theatre

Am I totally off-base, or was "Groove is in the Heart" not one of the funkiest, most fucking *ebullient* songs to appear on MTV in awhile? Ha! I hear a few guffaws. Not *your* type of music? Didn't like the snaking female vocalist? What is this "retro garbage"? Baloney. Eat it. Certainly wouldn't go see them live?

I deleted my hesitancy once I'd tuned them in on "Saturday Night Live." God! Lady Miss Kier's voice sounded great; they grooved! Before, on the surface, Deee-lite seemed like a novelty act put together only with sampling and three oddly dressed, '70s-inspired characters: one from Russia, one from Japan, one from Home. Guest appearance by Bootsy Collins adds a thrill. Insures repeated viewings. Buck$.

But. Now at the Gothic, these folks had command *live* (and one of them—Jungle DJ Towa Towa—was missing!). Simple enough. They packed the place (how ya-gonna-dance-when-you-can't-even-move) with one of its most bizarre and diverse audiences: punks, tough boys, disco-ers, yups, drag queens, and hordes of what a teacher/friend refers to as "hormone clusters": grouping of teenage, wildly dressed women. (Oh. And me.)

A sound and visual treat. Excellent backup band: guitar, two percussionists, keyboard player. Psychedelic light patterns behind the stage. Super DJ Dimitry dropping records at the top of the tiered stage, telling the audience a thoughtful message: "PEACE!" Brother Bootsy Collins (Finally! Brother Bootsy—it took me about five years to learn back in college to appreciate what the black kids at my New Jersey high school were listening to freshman year; I being more into Robert Gordon retro rockabilly) dipping, bobbing and laying down, not extravagance, but a pure funk foundation. Two backup singers who danced with svelte Lady Miss Kier, performing (you know, like acting), and blowing those gol'durned fun-sounding whistles on "Groove..." Wheeee-wheeee-wheeeee...

But, oh, that svelte velvet clad Kier of the vixen hair! Prior to "E.S.P." they did a whole astrological skit: what's your sign? she'd point and coo....By god, I'm an Aries directly on the Pisces cusp I wanted to call! And it certainly wouldn't have been out of place at this out-of-sight, groooooovy show.

—GREGORY DAURER

Photo by Andrew Frey

The Kodo Drummers

March 9: USAFA Arnold Hall Theater

Awesome! Mere words simply cannot describe the way I felt watching this performance. The Kodo Drummers are some sort of strange martial-arts cult that lives on an isolated island in Japan. Apparently they do farm work, meditate, practice martial arts. And drum. God do they drum! They build all their own percussion instruments, ranging from little hand drums to a six-foot diameter behemoth.

You have to see these guys to truly appreciate the mental and physical discipline they have. It made me realize what a joke all these trendy "modern primitive" industrial bohemian bands are. The Kodo drummers make a statement with their show, and it is that there is a genuine *power*, an almost tangible force, in percussion. And they didn't need cool haircuts or pyrotechnics to impress the hell out of me. It seems to me that this power is based on tradition and discipline, not fashion and superficial interest. The physical shape the drummers were in was just incredible.

Everyone in the audience—mostly Air Force officers and their families—left awestruck. I did too. If the Kodo drummers ever come within 500 miles of Denver again, I will be there. And if you want to change the way you look at primal music, you really ought to be there, too. I wish I could think of more to say about this remarkable experience, but I'll leave it at this: I hope I have my shotgun with me the next time I see some little dilettante dancing around to steel percussion and smearing goop on his audience.

—TOM HEADBANGER

SHOW REVIEWS

Culture/Human Rights

March 21: Glenn Miller Ballroom

This certainly wasn't billed as a "Battle of the Dreads." In fact, the performers in question would probably dread the analogy. Still, it's hard not to compare Culture and Human Rights strictly in terms of the relative performances of their charismatic lead singers.

Human Rights features H.R., ex-frontman for the ballyhooed, legendary, rasta-core Bad Brains. These days H.R. still impacts; he doesn't lack force—just the moshable backup music. If you went to this show expecting a pit, pity on you. And while some purists might dismiss the opening act as not true "roots" reggae strains, H.R. managed to steal the night in my mind. With his leaping, yowls, protestations and prayers for strength, H.R. bestowed the swaying audience with true, heartfelt, archetypal reggae imagery; he was the oppressed man, meditating on his bondage, springing forth like a lion, teeth bared, onslaught of liberating hatred, eating the frenzied meat of the freeing moment.

Photo by Gregory Daurer

Baaaa...The too-tame J. Hill

Culture, on the other hand, was as tame as a baaa-ing lamb. Not that the musicians didn't lay down a more soulful groove than guitarist Earl (also ex-Bad Brains) and the rest of Human Rights. They did. But lead singer Joseph Hill was lacking. Lacking what? Well, first off, the two backup singers, Kenneth Dayes and Albert Walker, that help make up the true vocal *trio* and heirs to the name "Culture"; last year the three stormed the sedate Boulder Theater with a zesty, transcendent show.

With that firm in mind, it's hard to imagine why J. Hill went out solo this tour like he did on record in the early '80s. Hill, in a flashy gold shirt, came off like Las Vegas reggae; what's this guy trying to prove, that he can be a dance-hall star, instead of a roots reggae *brujo*? Not the ideal way to hear "I and I Conqueror," "Two Sevens Clash," and "I'm Not Ashamed."

I'm temporarily ashamed of beloved Culture. And I'm ashamed I'm not more familiar with Human Rights material; but, better believe, soon come, soon come....

—GREGORY DAURER

Photo By Philip Holmes

Andrew Eldritch: A Sister of Mercy?

Sisters of Mercy

April 8 Glenn Miller Ballroom

It was a Ceremony: The Tribes in Black began arriving at the Electric Temple in early afternoon, bedecked in the talismanic costuming of their respective clans, dressed in the razor-sharp garb of the Lost Generation. There were non-Initiates present as well, perhaps seeking insight, or a dose of vicarious Angst from the Dark Children. They watched impatiently as Danielle Dax shimmered through a surprisingly good set, arching seductively through her danceable (yet refreshingly original and lively) pop. A rare mix of grace, beauty and vocals, and a somewhat surprising departure from the layered noise of old Lemon Kittens.

But the Tribe of the Apocalypse grew impatient, pirouetting restlessly on patent leather stiletto heels, twisting freshly blackened locks of hair between keen-edged nails. Beads of sweat began to form under white make-up, so painstakingly applied a few short hours before. The lights came up, revealing distraught faces, haggard in anticipation...

...and were dimmed again to exuberant shouts and applause. Amid billowing wafts of synthetic fog, the musicians filed onstage, their pale faces glowing phosphorescently in the colored light. For The Tribe, this was no concert, any more than the Sermon on the Mount would be-this was *ritual*, pure and simple; a rare opportunity for the scattered brethren to gather and bask in the august presence of Eldritch, Singer and High Priest of the Sisters of Mercy.

For the next 90 minutes they stood enthralled, some dancing, some cheering, but most just standing entropically still. They came not to dance, not even to be entertained, but to *be there*—perhaps merely to commune with the spirit of despair and cold detachment so tangible in the culture of their day. Throughout the ceremony, the Priest betrayed no sign of emotion in his moon-tanned face or dispassionate gestures. The new musicians played hard and electric, the audience asked for no quarter, and little respite was offered in the nearly pauseless set. Many seemed surprised that so many of the old litanies were recited, along with selections from the new opus, *Vision Thing*.

There was a hot aura of frustrated sexuality about the Children, yet the Sisters had an air of disinterest about matters of the flesh. The imaginative floor lighting created surreal triangles and arches of light, silhouetting the band and casting an eerie glow within the church. There were three encores, and the Tribe dispersed reluctantly, back into the Night from which they had so briefly emerged, leaving only a brief trace of musk and roses in the smoke-filled room. This was a mythical performance, and can only really be described in those terms.

As a postscript, I had a brief opportunity to meet Andrew Eldritch, and found him to be utterly lacking the arrogance one would expect from his stage persona. It is ironic how pretentious many of his fans are, lacking as they do both his talent and notoriety.

—TOM HEADBANGER

Maggie's Dream/ 40th Day

February 20: Ground Zero

40th Day has changed a bit since I saw them three years ago. Some friends in the audience said the Day has been through four singers now. With them changing the lineup so often, I wondered how they kept the tunes together. I liked this singer. 40th Day seems to be following that current trend of heavy, fast guitars and drums with slower vocals. The bass lines were reminiscent of Primus; however, in some songs they did tend to drag on.

After a short break, Maggie's Dream took the stage. Not knowing what to expect (having never heard them before) I was delightfully surprised; a near crossing of reggae/rock-blues had taken the stage. Having fully utilized my 21 privileges at the bar, I can't recall just how long they played. But the crowd kept pace till the end.

—PHILIP HOLMES

Photo By Philip Holmes

The latest in a series of 40th Day vocalists....

Jonathan Richman

February 27: Herman's Hideaway

One, two, three, four, Roadrunner...wait, *Roadrunner*?

Yeah! Despite hearing for years that Jonathan Richman doesn't do his old songs live, sure enough, he tossed-off his most-known tune in between "La Bamba" and "Twist and Shout." Like, a *throwaway*.

Sometimes, it's hard to figure Jonathan Richman out. This is the guy credited with having something *major* to do with the start of punk rock (just check the history books). His really old stuff continues to inspire diverse people: e.g., some straight-edge punks recently adopted his ode, "I'm Straight" ("not like hippy Johnny..."). Why, if it hadn't of been for the original Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers disbanding, the world might never have had been blessed with new wave platinum faves like the Talking Heads or the Cars.

But rebellious Richman, by contrast, spent the Eighties playing solo in small clubs, churning out (like buttermilk), not thinking-man's angst rock, but something most resembling songs for children. Which, of course, he continues to do. Simple riffing, like the record/songbook I learned guitar to ("Cliche #5," says the announcer, then the sound of an ordinary two-string bend). No Marshall stacks galore, no million watts of power. No backup band. No glitz. Just heartfelt and humorous songs, pouring out of legend; everybody shy listening, not wanting to dance, at first, to feel like a fool.

Photo by Gregory Daurer

Not Jonathan. He sang. Bent his knees back and slapped out rhythms on the back of his hollow body electric guitar. Like some '50s greaseball icon transplanted into the body of a clean-cut dork Bostonian. Yet athletic. Just a boy and his guitar....well, now 30ish man, proud to show his emotions, not angst, like on "Affection."

But of course Jonathan has a quirky edge: "I don't play for the people who look like they're showing off—just the ones really into it," he told-off some among the bold, whom he whipped up onto their feet in front of him. And: "No," he remarked to a persistent latecomer. "You should of been here earlier; I already played *that* song.

—GREGORY DAURER

Photo By Philip Holmes

Kidd Pharoah

By Philip Holmes

"Hey, have you heard Brandon's new band? They just moved here from D.C. Yeah, they're playing the Cricket tonight. You should go."

Camera in hand, I stumbled up to Cricket on the Hill. Having never been there before, I didn't know what to expect. It was quiet outside and roaring inside. I went in to find a smoke-filled, not overly crowded room with an extremely crowded stage. Four pompadour-sporting tattooed gentlemen were cranking out a killer sound, with Brandon Iron in the back keeping time on drums. My first thought: "What the hell is going on here? A rockabilly band in Denvoid?" I hadn't seen that many fun-loving people in one place for a long while. I ordered my first draft while waiting for the scene to unfold. It turns out that Kidd Paroah plays foot-stompin', beer drinkin', in-your-face rockabilly, and the crowd was eating it up.

"What else can you do where you get paid to play and drink, except maybe be an oil tanker captain?"

Chaz-O, who shares the guitar solos and the spotlight with D! Peterson, rocks the house. With a little help from Dave Peterson on bass (yes Dave and D! are brothers), Brandon keeps the rhythms flowing, while Matt Nichol, frontman for the quintet, loves to croon the lyrics. They are friends onstage as well as offstage, and will give you a show to remember.

After the show, I decided to follow-up on the band, and stopped by to see what these guys had to say.

Me: Why did you leave D.C. for here?

D!: The cost of living is less; now we can emphasize on the band.

Dave: Yeah, we couldn't have had Brandon in the band. He's too tall. He would've been the first to get shot.

Me: How did you meet Brandon?

Matt: He came stumbling up to us, drunk and wearing big shoes and said, "Hey you guys don't look like you're from around here." So, we let him play.

(By now I could tell this was one of these bands that wouldn't play anywhere that didn't give them free drinks.)

D!: What else can you do where you get paid to play and drink, except maybe be an oil tanker captain?

I pursued the questions a bit further and found that Kidd Pharaoh has built up quite an audience and is planning to stay. Soon, however, they will be going on the road. So if your kick is a good time, stop by. You're guaranteed fun from this old-time rock-and-roll band.

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KILLING JOKE

There aren't too many bands that emerged in the post-punk era that I would call classic, but Killing Joke is just that. They are recognized in Europe as a seminal influence on many popular bands. Their unique sound and intense lyrical honesty make them one of rock's best-kept secrets. Hopefully their recent US tour, as well as their first domestic record release, will firmly establish their reputation here. I cornered Jaz Coleman, Killing Joke's singer, shortly before the band was scheduled to go onstage. Many musicians are reclusive at times like this, but Jaz was very warm and open. He seems to really enjoy meeting people who love his music. He comes across as a person who really *cares* about people.

Photo By Philip Holmes

Jaz Coleman feeds off a Gothic audience

¿ = Tom Headbanger (CMM)
JC: = Jaz Coleman (Vocals)

¿ When did the band first form?

JC: Well, believe it or not, the band was founded exactly thirteen years ago today.

¿ What are your influences?

JC: I'd say that we were always influenced more by what we didn't want to sound like than by what we did. To name a few people that have influenced us—Alex Harvey, Giger, Dali, Nietzsche, outcast philosophers...we aren't only influenced by musicians.

¿ Killing Joke has always retained a real integrity to their music. Every song I've ever heard has a unique sound to it that is identifiably "Killing Joke." Do you feel this too?

JC: We have a style of our own. Bands are described as "sounding like Killing Joke", which isn't true of many other bands.

¿ As long as you've been together, it seems like Killing Joke has stayed relatively obscure.

JC: That isn't the case in Europe at all. We're a pretty popular band there. We've never really cultivated an audience in the states, but we're known all over the world. We have a following in the Middle East, New Zealand, South America....

¿ Throughout your career, an underlying lyrical theme seems to be anti-commercial, anti-institutional.

JC: My lyrics are about lots of things, but we as a band have to deal with life on a human level, too. We have to buy food, pay rent and so forth. So the actions of institutions affect us as much as they do our fans. And I sing about the things that affect me.

¿ Do you find it to be a contradiction to be anti-commercial, yet basically be selling a product?

JC: We *are* in it to make money, though we use the band as a way to travel and meet people in various areas of the globe. It's been wonderful. So in that way, yes, we exploit the name, and anything we can get via the name. We certainly exploit record companies. My attitude these days is, get as big an advance as possible, spend it as fast as possible, and hope that they'll drop you, so you can sign with somebody else. Or whatever; whatever way we can we can get by to hustle money to make a living.

¿ Suppose you ever got on the economic level of Motley Crue or some band like that. How would you use a 2-million-dollar tour budget? How would your show differ from what we see on the big-budget tours now?

JC: Well, let me describe the kind of stage show we'd have. It would probably be about a thousand acres of untouched land, in a remote corner of the globe, that would be transformed into a park, with nothing electronic on the land—no tractors, no engines, no roadways. And it would be set up as a trust, so that it could remain that way forever. That's one small way that we as a band could leave a mark, to really influence the future.

We don't really do a stage show. We basically just go onstage and play. We're just as willing to go up and play in front of a few strip lights as with a big light system. We don't want to rely on production to carry us through; a really good band ought to be able to sound just as good acoustic as with a massive sound system.

¿ What are your plans for the future?

JC: I'm doing a lot musically now, and that culminated last year when I went to Cairo University and took my violin and studied there for about three weeks. I learned about the quarter tones and played with the Arabs, and then did a big recording with the Cairo Symphony Orchestra with Dudley from Art of Noise. It's called *Songs from the Victorious City* and it's going to be released here in about a month. It sold a hundred thousand copies in Europe.

The first track on the album is called "The Awakening," and it was *my* awakening. I wrote that whole song after prayers in Cairo. That experience is worth more than a platinum record.

The Arabs have a whole different concept of music. It was the most fantastic experience! I stayed with a guy called Abu Setu, a very poor man, whom I've known since 1982, over in Cairo. He lives in this sort of a dirt cave with his seven children. He's so poor. These are real Muslims, who would share the last thing that they've got with you, and trust that tomorrow God will provide for them. And their faith is so pure, so full, that God provides for them.

That was something that gave me supreme inspiration, that when you feel close to death, when you just feel you're losing everything, to just totally and utterly trust, have absolute, one thousand percent faith in God, and give yourself up, submit, let go, let go, is the only way. And when I started trying to do this, I started to find a calmness in me. The first track on the album is called "The Awakening," and it was *my* awakening. I wrote that whole song after prayers in Cairo. That experience is worth more than a platinum record.

My attitude these days is, get as big an advance as possible, spend it as fast as possible, and hope that they'll drop you, so you can sign with somebody else.

In Killing Joke, I've always encouraged myself and my colleagues—as opposed to property or anything else—to invest in the richness of our experiences.

The East is something that is unfolding in me every day. When Iraq moved into Kuwait, I must have cried for about an hour, because I could just see what was going to happen from this. And I can see the Americans now clapping their hands, thinking that everything's all over. The way a lot of the Arab States feel now, and their loss of honor....To think that it's almost over is just dreaming. Throughout history, they've said that when there is a battle to fight with a just cause behind it, then it will win in the end. But if it is true that it really was based on a foundation stone of the acquisition of a warm-water port and oil and strategy, then it will lose. If that is the truth, it will lose in the end. I believe that; I believe, at the end of the day, in the absolute perfection of the whole thing.

Love Me 2 Times

Photo by Andrew Frey

Robby Krieger & 2nd Generation: (L to R) *Dale Alexander, Berry Oakley, Jr., Waylon Krieger, Wah Wah Watson & Robby Krieger.*

On the night of April 8—an unseasonably cold Monday—we blew off the both the Sisters of Mercy and Kreator shows in favor of a show ambiguously billed as "The Robby Krieger Band." Hell, we could have been in for anything from a bunch of has-beens playing Doors' songs to a torturous night of limp-dick singer-songwriter tedium. But it hardly mattered; we were there solely out of respect for Krieger and the Doors, a band whose music has yet to be topped.

We weren't expecting anything near the level of performance and spirit that surfaced during the band's two glorious sets. In addition to playing several funky originals and a few new arrangements of vintage Doors' songs, the band rocked through everything from "Break On Through (To the Other Side)" and "Your Lost Little Girl" to "Spanish Caravan" and Krieger's most famous composition (and the obvious encore), "Light My Fire." There were times when it felt so real, when the crowd was so into it (chanting "We want Jim" *was* a bit extreme), that we might have been at a genuine Doors' show. But we weren't; we were experiencing something unique, a performance that blended the new with the old, showcasing a band with a vibrant, untapped potential: We were experiencing Robby Krieger and 2nd Generation.

The band is currently a five-piece consisting of Krieger (who handled Ray Manzarek's organ parts through an electric guitar run through a synthesizer), veteran guitarist Wah Wah Watson (whose 18-plus years' experience includes stints with everyone from Johnny Lee Hooker and The Supremes to Herbie Hancock and Quincy Jones), session drummer Dale Alexander, and a couple of young 'uns who both Krieger and Watson refer to as "the kids."

"The kids," it turns out, are Krieger's son Waylon (guitar) and godson, Berry Oakley, Jr. (bass/vocals). After the show we were granted the opportunity to ask the band three questions (kinda like the "three wishes" deal). I got in about one-and-a-half questions before the backstage scene turned delightfully chaotic.

Rx: Why doesn't the bass player sing more? He's great!

Robby Krieger: "He sings too much as it is. He's got a soar throat, anyway. This band is supposed to be quasi-instrumental. If he was like the lead singer guy and sang a whole bunch of songs, people might compare him to Jim Morrison, and we don't want that; Berry's much better than Jim."

Berry is the son of the late Berry Oakley, who played bass with the Allman Brothers Band before his death in 1972. Berry tells me about how his father was killed in a motorcycle accident approximately one year from the day (and one block from the Macon, Georgia, intersection) when guitarist Duane Allman met the same Fate.

"Unfortunately, when he died, I wasn't born yet," Berry said. "I was born about three months after he died. The only way I really got to know him was by hanging out with the Allman Brothers Band. The bass I was playing tonight belonged to my dad; he made it himself. You can't find one like that anywhere; he put it together out of like three basses. It's really weird; I could never go to another bass."

A week or so later, in one of several invigorating phone conversations with the energetic Wah Wah, I learned that Waylon also plays a guitar that belonged to Robby, and Robby plays an old guitar of his own as well. (Having heard these guys play those enchanted instruments, I get the feeling that perhaps spirits are being evoked, rock-and-roll souls who took off for the Netherworld before their work on Earth was done.) Wah Wah also said that if I sent out my spirit to Robby—providing my spirit was strong enough—that Robby would call me. Apparently it is, cuz Robby called from L.A. soon thereafter.

¿ = Rx (CMM)

RK: = Robby Krieger

¿ I know you were involved with music before the Doors formed. How did you first get into it?

RK: Just through friends, who were mostly into jazz around L.A., young guys who were into jazz. We used to go see Miles and Coltrane and stuff. We couldn't really play jazz, but I had some young friends who were really incredible musicians. And then I got into folk music—Bob Dylan, stuff like that.

"I will always dig some Doors' things because I am a Door, but we don't want to rely on that."

¿ So you started playing acoustic?

RK: Yeah, flamenco music. There was quite a big flamenco music movement around L.A. And then one day I saw Chuck Berry play and decided to go electric.

¿ So you'd done some electric stuff before hooking up with the Doors?

RK: Very little, very little.

¿ That must of been sort of an experimental time for you. What have you been doing since?

RK: I've done quite a few albums, actually. I had a group called the ButtN; that was with (former Doors' drummer) John Densmore and an English guy. And I've done about four albums myself—*Robby Krieger, Robby Krieger and Friends, Versions, No Habla*—that's my latest one.

¿ What type of music is that?

RK: Mostly instrumental, fusion, jazz, rock and roll. That's on IRS.

¿ It sounds like over the past 20 years you've still been doing music, that nothing really changed that much for you.

RK: The music has changed a lot from the Doors, but I'm still into music. That hasn't changed.

¿ The music of the Doors has a power that seems to have transcended at least a couple of generations. Why do you think that music is so powerful?

RK: I think part of it is that there's a reality to the music. In those days we weren't playing for money. We were playing because that was the most fun thing to do, and that's what we wanted to do. And for Jim, especially, that's the *only* thing that he wanted to do. It's the only time he was really having fun. For him it was truth; it wasn't a show. It's hard to explain....when you saw the Doors it was like real life—it was like life or death for us. I think that still comes through.

¿ Because I hear so much vapid music that's so popular, how can a group with so much depth also be so *popular*? It seems like it's almost a contradiction....

RK: We really weren't that popular in those days. We didn't consider ourselves popular at all. We were underground pretty much. It's only after these books came out and they used the music in movies—*Apocalypse Now* and stuff, that people got turned on to it. I still don't think people realize what the Doors are all about.

¿ The music lead me into literature, first into William Blake, and then into a lot of other places....

RK: Well, not that many people have gotten that far with it.

¿ The music obviously moves people; do you think that effect is still there, even though people don't realize it? I mean, all these 15-year-olds are going out and buying the albums and getting off on them, and I don't think it's just because they read *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, or because they saw the Doors' movie.

RK: No, I think a lot of it is that they heard it on the radio, and it sounds good.

¿ Have your philosophies—musical or otherwise—changed much since the original Doors' thing, i.e., the idea of being "the doors of perception"?

RK: Not much, not much at all. All that stuff's still real to me.

¿ Wah Wah tells me the official name of this new thing is "Robby Krieger's 2nd Generation Band." Now, is it that, or is it "Robby Krieger *and* the 2nd Generation Band" or is it still under debate?

RK: It's still under debate, actually. We've been arguing about the name for months now. Nobody seems to be able to come up with a better name. Unfortunately it's confusing people because there is a group called "2nd Generation," I think. People think, is it that or with "Robby Krieger," they wonder "Is it the second generation of the Doors?" Personally, I don't like the name....I think "Robby Krieger and 2nd Generation" might be fine.

¿ How do you feel about your son and godson getting into this business?

RK: I think it's cool. I wouldn't tell them to get into it and expect to make it. You have to have a lot of luck and timing and stuff. But they have an advantage by playing with us. They're learning a lot.

¿ Yeah, I think the way Wah Wah put it was "They'll play what we want them to play or we'll threaten them."

RK: [Laughing] Wah Wah's great.

¿ So what's it like working *as musicians* with your son and Berry, who I gather has spent a lot of time with you over the years?

RK: It's cool because first of all, they know a lot our stuff, because I've been jamming with them for years, and they're young enough where I can fairly tell them what to play. A lot of times when you have older guys who are your peers, if there's something you want them to play they might say "Oh, this sounds better," and you can't really say anything about it. But they're young enough where they'll take advice.

"If he was like the lead singer guy and sang a whole bunch of songs, people might compare him to Jim Morrison, and we don't want that; Berry's much better than Jim."

¿ This concept—the idea of this band—seemed to come out of nowhere almost. Was it a calculated thing?

RK: No. It was kind of a spur-of-the-moment thing. Wah Wah and I were doing some stuff for Eric Burdon, and one day Gibson asked us to do a little thing down at their convention, where they show all their instruments and stuff, and so we just said, "Well, we'll get the kids together and do a few songs." It worked out pretty good, so we just went from there.

¿ And where are you going to go from here?

RK: I don't know....We're playing a gig in San Francisco this weekend [May 11-12], and where it heads, I don't know.

¿ Waylon and Berry are both graduating from high school this spring, so then they'll be free to devote more time to the band if it keeps going. What would you like to see happen?

RK: I can't see this thing going on forever, because they're young and they're not going to want to spend the rest of their lives with us old codgers. I hope that they will get there own thing together, that they'll get a rock-and-roll band together. Wah Wah and I are more into funk and jazz.

¿ Some of the more powerful and original rock bands to emerge over the past couple years incorporate funk and jazz into their music; look at Faith No More and Primus. I recall you guys doing a couple of pretty funky originals at your Boulder show. Are writing much new stuff?

RK: Yeah, we are. Wah Wah and I are writing, but the kids are writing too. They have some songs that I'm not sure how they would fit into this band exactly—but we're not going to go on doing Doors' stuff for the rest of our lives, that's for sure. Since the movie just came out we thought it'd be fun. I will always dig some Door's things, because I'm a Door, but we don't want to rely on that.

¿ Over the past couple of months it seems like every publication in the country has focused on the Doors' movie. What's your opinion of that film?

RK: I thought it worked as a movie. When I saw it, I thought it went by real fast. I had to go to the bathroom real bad, but I didn't. It worked as a movie, but it's hard for me to say because I was so close to it. There were things wrong with it as far as the Door's are concerned, things I knew were wrong, and I'm sure your heavy-duty Doors' fan is not going to like it too much because it's not a documentary—it's a Hollywood movie. I'd always been against the idea of a Hollywood movie until we got [director] Oliver Stone. Then I said if somebody's gonna make the Doors' movie, it might as well be him. And I think he did a good job.

¿ I remember at one point there were negotiations going on and John Travolta was going to be playing Morrison. That would've been a pretty scary thing.

RK: That's why I've always been against it. And even Val Kilmer when Oliver first told me that he was going to do it, I flipped out. I didn't think he could do it. But he sure did, and I think he did a good job.

¿ The thing that bothered me about the film were scenes where the Morrison character would just start spouting these brilliant non sequiturs and poetic statements in the context of normal conversation. Was that realistic in any way?

RK: No, but that's what a movie does. You've got to get as much in as you can in a short time period. That's all fair game in a movie.

¿ Is there anything you'd like to say to our readers?

RK: Just save the planet. Especially being in Denver there, you must get some pretty smoggy days. If everybody could be a little more aware of that, we'd all be in better shape.

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HOLLYWEIRD

Flying down the Hollywood freeway at full speed was a blast—until I swooped down upon five lanes of grid-locked traffic going about 10 mph. Fortunately, in California, motorcycles are allowed to ride between lanes. So I shot down between the rows of cars, hoping like hell that nobody would open their door, or spit out their window. I biffed a dude's mirror with my left handlebar when he tried to change lanes right on top of me. I saw the glass fly and the look of deadly revenge on his face as I jammed past, but no way was I gonna stop and take a chance on having to breath solid exhaust fumes and fry my bike by just crawling along with traffic. I started to exit on Mulholland Drive and some other idiot cut me off, even though he saw me plain as day. I caught up to him and kicked a dent in his damn Volvo, and the fucker actually reached over and locked his door!

> I started to exit on Mulholland Drive and some other idiot cut me off, even though he saw me plain as day.

Having spent most of March riding around in sunny California, I've decided that only a masochist would really want to live there, risking death on the freeways to pay a $12 cover charge to go see some glam poser band that's paying hundreds of bucks for the privilege of playing cliche metal in some glitzy club. It's bullshit. You spend at least an hour to drive anywhere—if there's no traffic. And to top that off, everything costs more. Rents are ridiculous, and the cost of buying a place is outrageous. The rain falls out of the sky tasting like burnt coffee. The water tastes funny. The people are all in a hurry, and to put it mildly, the place is totally over-populated. L.A. is the best reason I've ever seen for practicing birth control.

Lots of people think that you have to go to L.A. to have success in the music industry. True, there's more contact with the record industry out there, but the competition and expense of living there makes it more work than it needs to be. Plenty of bands get signed without living there, and if you're really good, why subject yourself to the hassle of just trying to exist in such a zoo? The extra money you would spend living out there would be better spent on promoting yourself, which is something you would have to do out there anyhow. It's better to be a well-fed fish in a small pond than a hungry fish in an over-crowded sea.

> I caught up to him and kicked a dent in his damn Volvo, and the fucker actually reached over and locked his door!

—FRANK RONCALIO

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KING'S X

FAITH • HOPE • LOVE

By Scott Stratton

After a few seconds of careful consideration, Jerry Gaskill, the soft-spoken drumming force behind King's X, was able to tell me—with some uncertainty—that he was calling from Raleigh, North Carolina. The band had recently played two shows opening for Living Colour, at which the crowd response proved to be more positive than their opening slot on the AC/DC tour. Comparing the title of the new King's X album, *Faith, Hope, Love* with AC/DC's *Highway to Hell*, it's easy to see why the bands might have two distinct audiences. As unlikely a match-up as it seems, Jerry said that the band knew what they would be in for by accepting the tour, but that it was a chance to play really big places.

Their road schedule is also "kinda rough," he says, going from Denver to Chicago in a day, for example. But the band has been playing almost every night, and with interviews in the day and sound check in the afternoon, at least he's never bored.

JG: = Jerry Gaskill (King's X)
¿ = Scott Stratton (CMM)

¿ Obviously, you must have a religious faith on some level. I was wondering if you could comment on that at all.

JG: I guess that's true and not true. We all have faith. It's a hard thing for me to talk about in a short interview; it's our entire lives. It's there for us, and it's the greatest inspiration we have.

¿ Is that what brought you guys together? How did you all hook up?

JG: Well, we all moved to (Springfield) Missouri for different reasons. We all knew somewhere in the back of our minds that we'd meet other musicians. Music was the main thing that really brought us together. We do have a common bond: Faith in God.

¿ Did you go to church, or do you go to church now?

JG: Yeah, we've all spent years and years in churches; I haven't been to church in quite a while.

Music was the main thing that really brought us together. We do have a common bond: Faith in God.

¿ My father is a minister, and I've gone through this struggle with faith and really kind of wondering and questioning, but I've been really, really turned off to the organized church. I've just seen so much hypocrisy....

JG: It isn't all bad. I think the reason that it's so much more powerful in a church setting is that hypocrisy is not true, and that you're going against what is really true, and remaining true—that's got to be the hardest thing. Church helps a lot of people.

¿ You guys have been together so long. How was it that you were able to get to this point? Was it your faith?

JG: That goes without saying. It's that common bond. I feel it's kind of like a marriage. We've got to get along and try to grow together rather than grow apart.

¿ How about the early days of the band? What was the music that you were doing and what were the original goals of the band ten years ago?

JG: The original goals were exactly what they are now. We started out doing originals.

¿ I'm really curious about Sneak Preview [the band's earlier name in Missouri]. Since that album didn't really go over, was there a danger of the band breaking up?

JG: Well, not really. There were a lot of bands in Springfield that were making local albums. We did it all ourselves. We just set up an eight-track in a warehouse and recorded it. We got up the money—twelve hundred dollars—for a few albums, had them printed up, and that was that. Now we kinda shove that into the background.

¿ Was the music the same style as what you're doing now?

JG: Well, I don't know. It may have had touches of it.

¿ Can you describe your relationship with Sam Taylor [the band's manager and co-producer]?

JG: Sam is a friend and a brother. He's a very, very creative person. In a lot of ways he's like a fourth member of the band.

¿ Who is Wilde Silas Tomkyn?

JG: Good question.

¿ Jerry said that I would be better off asking Sam Taylor that question, and although he may not have thought that I would take him up on the suggestion, I did. Through the help of Michael Mazur at Megaforce, I was able to get the question through to Mr. Taylor and received the following answer: "peaceful; poet; ancient; angry; author; young; loved; sculptor; one; hated; filmmaker; many; father; musician; old; mother; philosopher; new; fear; far."

[Apparently, Wilde Silas Tomkyn is, in some respect, the creation of Sam Taylor. Jerry also told me that the circular picture of Wilde Silas seen on *Faith, Hope, Love* is from a sculpture done by Sam. Jerry says that the character holds a lot of real ideas for him.]

JG: I think he's probably as real as Gretchen.

Sometimes I felt that this is just the greatest music in the world, and other times I thought that people would just laugh at us.

¿ I've heard that Angus Young asked you to be the opening band. Do you know anything about that?

JG: I've heard that too.

¿ Have you had a chance to speak with him about it?

JG: No, I haven't. I said "Hi" to him once and he said "Hi" back. I talked to the bass player.

¿ Really? You guys opened all these shows and you really didn't even talk to them that much?

JG: The only one I've actually talked to is the bass player. We didn't really talk, but Brian Johnson, the vocalist, came up to us in the hallway coming off stage and was joking around. The topic came up regarding lifestyles of bands....

¿ How about you guys on the road; do you party or do you pretty much keep to yourselves?

JG: We're not really the partying type. We're not ostentatious. I like to stay in the hotel, call my wife.

¿ How old are you guys? I heard that Doug was 40!

JG: Yeah.

¿ How about you?

JG: 33.

¿ And Ty?

JG: I think Ty is 29.

¿ What does King's X mean? I've heard a couple of different things.

JG: I've heard that if you cross your fingers playing tag, in the South, that prevents you from being "it."

¿ A friend of mind told me that in England it means "King's Crossing" and has something to do with the King of England.

JG: People over there have asked us if we're Kings's X or King's Cross.

¿ What kind of music do you listen to in your free time?

JG: Doug listens to music all the time. He's always turning us on to new stuff. I listen to a lot of Beatles, Bob Dylan, John Lennon.

¿ There's definitely a lot of Beatles in "Six Broken Soldiers." Did you write it on guitar?

JG: I wrote it on guitar.

¿ Yeah, the arpeggio is very "Abbey Road," I think. Did you write the lyrics to the song?

JG: I sure did.

¿ What is it about? Is it more of a lyrical sound or does it really got a meaning to it?

JG: I think the meaning is really obvious, but I guess it doesn't come out that way. I wrote it a long time ago, back when we played in bars. I guess my perceptions have changed a little bit. I try to fit as much meaning into each line as I can.

¿ Had a lot of the songs from the *Out of the Silent Planet* album been around for awhile prior to recording?

JG: We have a lot of songs laying around, but from the first album the only one that was really old was "King." But it was totally different once we got working on it; it's not even the same song. Everything about it was different. Most of it—I mean, all of it (the album)—represents where we were coming from at the time.

¿ Is that why you re-recorded "Moan-jam" for every album?

JG: That song has essentially remained exactly the same all the times we recorded it. It's just that it never felt right 'till this time.

¿ I heard that you were kind of having your ups and downs when you were listening to the final mix.

JG: Oh, well, that's just perfectly natural. I didn't realize it 'till now, but I was talking to my wife about the album, and sometimes I felt that this is just the greatest music in the world, and other times I thought that people would just laugh at us. But she said, "You're like that every time." [laughs.] I'm inclined to say that King's X, along with Sam Taylor, have created some of the greatest music in the world. Buy one of their albums. You won't find yourself laughing.

Music. See classifieds for details.

SATURDAY 25

APPARITION, RHOAR & MAUSOLEUM at the Underground.

EDGAR WINTER BAND at Buffalo Rose.

KOOL CONCERT '91 w/ DION, THE TURTLES, GARY U.S. BONDS, THE CHAMPS & THE SHIRELLES, at Fiddler's Green.

MONDAY 27

RICHIE HAVENS at the Little Bear.

WEDNESDAY 29

:ZOVIET FRANCE: w/Coyote Palace at the Mercury Cafe.

RICHIE HAVENS at the Boulder Theater.

FRIDAY 31

KAMIKAZI CLONES reunion at the Mercury Cafe.

FOGHAT at Buffalo Rose.

JUNE

SATURDAY 1

HAPPY WORLD at the Mercury Cafe.

FOGHAT at Buffalo Rose.

DAN FOGELBERG at Red Rocks.

TUDESAY 4

CYCLONE TEMPLE at the Clubhouse Underground in Colorado Springs.

WEDNESDAY 5

CLASH OF THE TITANS w/SLAYER, MEGADETH, ANTHRAX & ALICE IN CHAINS at Red Rocks.

THURSDAY 6

HELIOS CREED at the Mercury Cafe.

FRIDAY 7

TINY TIM at Ruby.

SATURDAY 8

TINY TIM at Ruby.

SAVOY BROWN formerly of GRAND FUNK RAILROAD at Buffalo Rose.

WARLOCK PINCHERS album release party at the Gothic Theatre.

"Ritual" by Mychael Tolver, copyright 1991, Techno Tribe Ltd., P.O. Box 8026, Englewood, CO 80110 (303) 860-0460.

Summer is here at last, and with it comes many great festivals and gatherings. Speaking of gatherings, it's not too early too get your tickets for Crash Worship's July 13 performance at a local junkyard. The 400-some worshippers who got only a taste of Crash Worship's primal offerings at the Sage Museum late last spring will no doubt find this celebration essential. (The event was unceremoniously shut down by paranoid authorities after about 15 minutes, resulting in multiple charges for promoter Paul Dickerson and the arrest of CMM Editor Roxanna "failure to obey" Alday.) To the uninitiated, a Crash Worship ADVR (*Adoration de Violenta Rota*) performance may indeed seem a bit unusual, if not downright frightening. Our suggestion: Take a chance. Let yourself go and for just one sensual summer night, revel in the ritualistic invocation of the primal heartbeat. In other words, be prepared for an orgiastic party and the most incredibly kick-ass percussion your highly evolved earsy-wearsies will ever have the pleasure to perceive. Of course, if you like your celebrations a little less, er, artsy--and can't wait till July for a party of mega-proportions--there's always Clash of the Titans, Part II (Colorado got its first installment in January, with Slayer and Testament) on June 5 at Red Rocks. This clash of thrash hasn't exactly been the success its instigators were hoping for, although it has had it share of clashes. According to reports from abroad, the European leg of the tour got pretty intense, with Suicidal Tendencies' Mike Muir ultimately challenging Megadeth's "Dangerous Dave" Mustaine to an onstage kick-boxing match at London's Wembley field. Unfortunately, Suicidal won't be clashing on the rocks, but Slayer, Megadeth, Alice in Chains, and that oh-so-titanic Anthrax (cut the snickers, will ya?) will be. Be there, if you dare--or rather, if you care....

SUNDAY 30

PRIDEFEST '91 PARADE from Cheesman Park to the Capitol via Colfax, 10:30 a.m. PrideFestival noon to 5 p.m. at Civic Center Park.

JULY

TUESDAY 2

Cow Con: Denver's Wild Wild Westercon at the Sheraton Denver Tech Center (through 7/5).

SATURDAY 6

STYX at Fiddler's Green.

THURSDAY 11

GUNS & ROSES w/ Skid Row at Fiddler's Green.

SATURDAY 13

CRASH WORSHIP at a junkyard near you.

AMERICAN MUSIC FESTIVAL w/ LITTLE FEAT, JOHN HIATT, RICHARD THOMPSON BAND w/ SHAWN COLVIN, NANCI GRIFFITH, LEO KOTTKE & JOHN GORKA, at Winter Park.

WEDNESDAY 17

JERRY GARCIA BAND/Blues Traveler at Red Rocks.

THURSDAY 18

JERRY GARCIA BAND/Blues Traveler at Red Rocks.

SATURDAY 20

WINTER PARK JAZZ FESTIVAL w/ DAVID BENOIT, THE NYLONS, THE RIPPINGTONS w/ RUSS FREEMAN, MARCUS ROBERTS GROUP, BELA FLECK & THE FLECKTONES & DAVE KOZ at Winter Park.

SUNDAY 21

WINTER PARK JAZZ FESTIVAL w/ GRP ALLSTARS featuring LEE RITENOUR, DAVE VALENTINE, DON GRUSIN & ERNIE WATTS; SPYRO GYRA, STANLEY JORDAN, OTTMAR LIEBERT & MARK WHITFIELD at Winter Park.

WEDNESDAY 31

LOLLAPALOOZA arts/entertainment/information festival featuring JANE'S ADDICTION, LIVING COLOUR, BUTTHOLE SURFERS, SIOUXIE & THE BANSHEES, NINE INCH NAILS & ICE-T, location TBA.

MAY

WEDNESDAY 15

TIM BLAKE at the Mercury Cafe.

THURSDAY 16

MOTORHEAD on the David Letterman Show.

FRIDAY 17

ROPE W/JUX COUNTY at the Garage.

LITTLE FYODOR & BABUSHKA W/PIL-BUG & VON HEMMLING at Penny Lane.

SATURDAY 18

DOG DAY AFTERNOON at the Foxhole. Free drink & dog biscuit for everyone who brings a dog, 3-6 p.m.

DEEP PURPLE & WINGER at Red Rocks.

ConGO, a horror/sci-fi gathering featuring a Critter Crunch ("real live Rock'em Sock'em robots), panels, parties and more at the Continental Hotel.

MERLE HAGGARD at Grizzly Rose.

MONDAY 20

BOOK OF LOVE at the Gothic Theatre.

TUESDAY 21

KMFDM at the Gothic Theatre.

POISON, SLAUGHTER & BULLET BOYS at Red Rocks.

JANE'S ADDICTION'S *Scenes from Gift* airs on MTV at midnight (ET/PT).

ALL-AGES night, Tuesdays at Rock Island.

SOHO are scheduled guests on the "Joan Rivers Show."

WEDNESDAY 22

THE FIXX with **GREGG TRIPP** at the Boulder Theater.

POISON, SLAUGHTER & BULLET BOYS at Red Rocks.

THURSDAY 23

NO MADONNA will be heard tonight at the 90's dance club.

FRIDAY 24

EDGAR WINTER BAND at Buffalo Rose.

WHITNEY HOUSTON at Fiddler's Green.

JON CHAPPELL presents a workshop on heavy metal guitar method at Rockley

COLORADO CALENDAR

CRASH WORSHIP CLASH OF THE TITANS

SUNDAY 9

REGGAE SUNSPLASH w/ MAXI PRIEST, DENNIS BROWN, ANDREW TOSH, CHARLENE DAVIS, LITTLE LENNY, THE A TEAM BAND, TOMMY COWAN and more at Winter Park Ski Area.

SANDRA BERNHARD at the Boulder Theater.

TUESDAY 11

GLENN DANZIG'S *LUCIFUGE: THE VIDEO* hits the stores.

DINOSAUR JR. w/ NIRVANA at the Gothic Theater.

THURSDAY 13

SCORPIONS, GREAT WHITE & MR. BIG at Red Rocks.

SIMPLE MINDS at the Paramount Theatre.

CREATIVE MUSIC WORKS presents the exploratory jazz of pianist MYRA MELFORD w/ ART LANDE & DWIGHT KILLIAM at Jazz Works.

FRIDAY 14

SCORPIONS, GREAT WHITE & MR. BIG at Red Rocks.

ELVIS: THE LEGEND LIVES, a "Las-Vegas style" production featuring 8 count 'em 8 Elvis impersonators, at Larry's Restaurant, through 6/16.

SATURDAY 15

ELVIS: THE LEGEND LIVES at Larry's Restaurant (see 6/14).

RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL featuring combat jousting, 200 craftsman, entertainment and food. Opens today and runs weekends through July 28 in Larkspur.

SUNDAY 16

ELVIS: THE LEGEND LIVES at Larry's Restaurant (see 6/14).

RAY CHARLES at Fiddler's Green.

WEDNESDAY 19

JIMMY BUFFETT at Fiddler's Green.

FRIDAY 21

INDIGO GIRLS at Red Rocks.

FRIDAY 28

THE ACCUSED at the Gothic Theater.

SATURDAY 29

THE SUBDUDES at Herman's Hideaway.

Photo by Joel Dallenbach

The COUP de GRACE

The Coup de Grace is a fiery four piece from Minneapolis. Their first album of the same name is heavy and powerful and covers a spectrum of metal from progressive to thrash with various levels of melody and lyrical significance. The songs "Bombs Away," "Barbed Wire" and "So Be It" parallel early Metallica, but the real pearls on this album are much more original and refuse to be ignored.

The band has a great feel for odd time signatures and an uncanny ability to create melodies to match. The opening track on *The Coup de Grace*, "Daylight Dawning," is perhaps the most different of the nine songs on the album. It's a dynamic piece that rolls in 6/4 and is not soon forgotten. "Sad But True," one of my favorites, rips straight through in 5/4, while my attention is continually engaged when I hear "Me, Myself, and I" with its slower 12/4 intro. Another tune, "All of the Above," has a hook that would be the envy of any pirate worth his saltwater.

I recently spoke by phone with guitarist Steve Wresh as he was hanging out at Twin Tone, the band's label.

¿ = Scott Stratton (CMM)

SW: = Steve Wresh (Coup de Grace)

¿ How did you hook up with Red Decibel/Twin Tone?

SW: A guy here at Twin Tone, Dave Ayers, heard about us. We're into the Twin Tone thing because of Soul Asylum [also on the label]. They're like one of my gods. They're an incredible band.

¿ You mentioned that the song "Bombs Away" is from 1988. Have you had these songs kicking around for awhile?

SW: The album is actually three series of demo tapes that weren't actually even recorded for an album. When we got the songs written, we recorded them three songs at a time just so we had the songs on tape. As it turned out, we ended up miking the amps just right and stuff. The drums are sounding pretty good throughout most of it. Rather than re-recording all the stuf,f we said, "Well, let's just go with the demo tapes." Because we recorded them when they were fresh, each song kind of has its own niche in time.

¿ Listening to the album, I get the impression that you guys have a lot of influences, yet you really have a group sound.

SW: We have a world of influences—everything from the Police to Thin Lizzy to Mercyful Fate to the Cure to XTC.

¿ Have you received good response live?

SW: Yeah, audience response has been really great. We just came back from the West Coast. We toured for three weeks with Skinyard and did ten dates with them. They're from Seattle. We went to Bellingham, WA down to Hollywood. Crowd response was very good. There were good crowds at every show because Skinyard has a draw of their own. They're a pretty happening thing out there. Mainly, people were there to see Skinyard, but ended up being surprised by a good first band. A lot of 'em say, "Gee, I don't even really like metal, but this sounds different."

¿ Are there a lot of clubs in Minneapolis? Is it a pretty good scene?

SW: Unfortunately, I feel it's pretty stagnant. There are some bands that are doing something, and they're doing a lot with it, including the Coup de Grace and Soul Asylum, but there are really only like maybe two, three good concert clubs. When we first started out, we didn't go out and do the bar scene or anything like that.

"It's not death metal. It's not speed metal. It's not hardcore metal. It's life metal."

¿ Was that an attempt to bypass it, to go higher than that?

SW: Right, and just—almost afraid to get trapped into it. And there was just no need; I mean [pauses] it sounds cocky, but we just kinda put ourselves above that.

¿ I think that's a good attitude.

SW: Yeah, cuz, I mean, a bar band's a bar band, and out here there's a thousand cover bands that are great. You know, guitar players that blow us away, drummers that blow us away.

¿ Yeah, but if you have vinyl, that's a different thing. People can get into your music before they've ever seen the band, and then they can really be ready for you.

SW: Yeah, our first shows were really selective. Our first show was warming up for Flotsam and Jetsam, which was a pretty good gig to get on. We'd play like once every three to six months, and we'd just make a big deal out of it. We'd flyer the hell out of town, put lots of personal hours into it. We're a real nuts-and-bolts band. We still move our own equipment. We're still drivin' a Ford Econoline van.

¿ Is there any reason why you didn't print the lyrics on the album?

SW: Well, some of the songs are pretty...I mean, downright stupid [laughs].

¿ Do you think so? I was listening pretty intently to "Daylight Dawning," and it seemed like it has kind of a positive lyrical sense to it.

SW: "Daylight Dawning" is a good song, but like you say, it's got a bright outlook. Like "Turn your face, feel the warmth," man. There's always tomorrow. It ain't so hot today, whatever. But there are songs like "Barbed Wire," the first song we ever wrote, (five years ago), and "Bomb's Away" is also like four or five years old.

We do a couple of covers live that would be pretty cool songs to put on the record. We do a couple Thin Lizzy songs, "Emerald" and "Johnny the Fox." We pull out "Dancin' in the Moonlight" once in a while. We do a couple of Police songs, "Next to You," and "The Truth Hits Everybody." We've done a lot of covers in our past. We pull out one or two a show just for kicks—kick back and relax, take a breather. We do a Steely Dan song, "Night by Night"—really groovin'!

¿ Does the band have a philosophy at all? Maybe a metaphysical feeling about the music or anything?

SW: Ahhh, no. There's no message we're trying to convey or anything. We're just four suburbanites, man. Play guitar. Play to jam.

¿ If you had to label Coup de Grace, how would you label the band?

SW: We've been looking for ways to label it. Unfortunately, people have to label music. We just had a very good review on the album in the local paper here, which I'd like to quote: "It's not death metal. It's not speed metal. It's not hardcore metal. It's life metal." I think "life metal" is a pretty good term for it.

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THE IN SOUNDS FROM WAY OUT

An Annotated Top 9 List

By Boyd Rice

1. "Stay Down Here Where You Belong," Tiny Tim

From the man who gave us "Tip Toe Through the Tulips" and got married on Johnny Carson. "Stay Down Here Where You Belong" is an Irving Berlin song about the Devil warning his son to steer clear of humans. He says: "If you go way up there my son, I know you'll be surprised/You'll find a lot of people who are not civilized/Stay down here where you belong/The folks who live above you, don't know right from wrong/To please their kings/They've all gone off to war/And not a one of them knows what they're fighting for!"

2. "Hard Days Night," Mrs. Miller

The Fab Four never sounded this good—but then, who has? Mrs. Miller's trademark nails-on-the-chalkboard vocals truly stand alone. According to Elva Miller, she achieved her unique operatic style by gargling with ice cubes before each song. And the extra effort certainly pays off, as is evidenced in this block-buster version of the Beatles' hit. Unbeatable! Why haven't there been any Elva impersonators?

3. "The Wino," Porter Wagoner

Porter Wagoner is the undisputed King of Psycho-country. "The Wino" is taken from his concept album *The Bottom of the Bottle*, an entire album devoted to liquor and its abuse. Though Porter himself was not an alcoholic (unlike many of his contemporaries), he is so keen a student of human tragedy that every song hits the mark. And "The Wino" is human tragedy writ big—from its sound effects of clattering bottles and trash cans being rummaged through to Wagner's dour descriptions of the depths to which a man can sink. Great background music for your next cocktail party.

4. *Countdown*, Joe Haskell

Fifties Outer Space teen pop. This is what they'd play if you held a sock-hop in a 1950's space station. Swingin' up-tempo pop rock peppered with a generous helping of sci-fi sound effects. It's got a good beat and you can dance to it.

5. "Insects," The Kids from Widney High

The Kids from Widney High are like a Down's syndrome version of New Kids on the Block. Unleash a school of retards in a music studio singing songs they've written themselves to backing tapes of slickly produced electronic dance music, and this is what you get. "If you accidentally fall in the water, you're in trouble!/Spiders will come after you/You better watch out, 'cause the insects will get you...."

6. "Fear, Horror, Terror," Frankie Stein and His Ghouls

Monster Go-Go at its best. Thirteen teenage dance tunes punctuated by screams, gunshots, coffin lids creaking and so on. Whether doing the watusi, frug, swim or Hully Gully, these groovy ghouls prove that fear can be fun.

7. "There's no Blood in Bone," The Poppy Family (featuring Susan Jacks)

A love song. "When Joey died Marie went mad/She'd given him what life she had/They fought their lives against the grain/Her very blood was in his vein/But now Joe's blood has drained and dried/and thus her spark of life has died...cos there's no, cos there's no, cos there's no blood in bone." From the Poppy Family's first album, an engaging blend of psychedelia and schizophrenia. They sing one minute of "Happy Island," and the next minute of "Watching the big ugly city die." Pure gold.

8. "Barnyard in Orbit," Perry & Kingsly

Perry and Kingsly were pioneers of electronic pop music in the Sixties. Having decided that electronic music was too highbrow and academic, they set out to create an album of electronic pop that could appeal to the common man. The resultant album, *The In Sounds from Way Out*, is a masterpiece of weirdness that still sounds bizarre even by today's standards. "Barnyard in Orbit" is a perfect example: Spliced into cut-ups of electronic blips and whirs are actual tapes of barnyard animals, all crafted into a quirky pop instrumental. A real toe-tapper!

9. "Ring Ring," Nashville Train

From the hit album, *Abba Our Way*. Sweden's premiere country-western combo serves up Abba classics in an inimitably incongruous style. Super cool!

You can hear the In Sounds from Way Out every Thursday night from 9:00 p.m. to 1:00 a.m. at the Lion's Lair (2202 E. Colfax). Your DJ Boyd Rice spins these and other rare beauties for your total listening pleasure.

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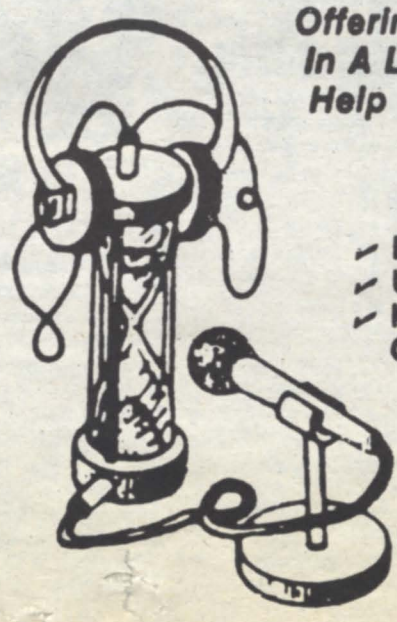

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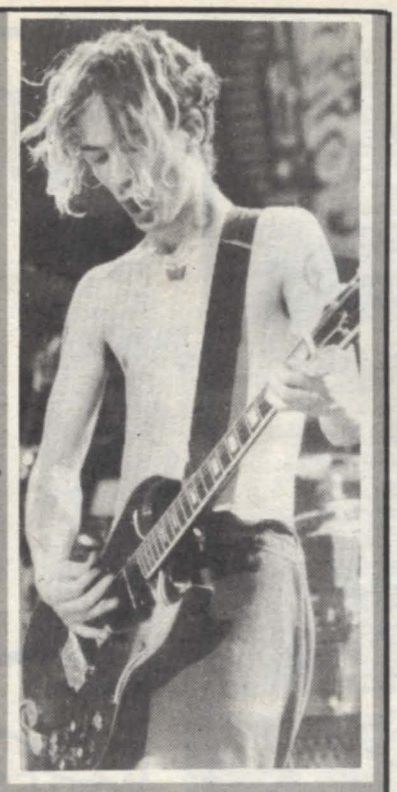


Photo by Andrew Frey

Pincher Alert!

Cremation
Indecent Burial
Regurgurito Productions, 4571 Decautur, Denver, CO 80211

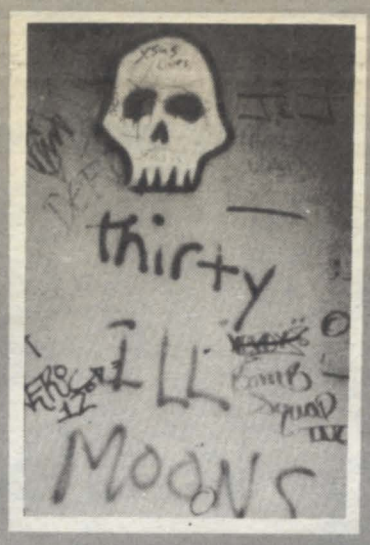
Ex-Sloter and Ex-Anathema members have brewed up this tasty, new and diverse chunk of phlegm for you to chew on. There's everything from Carcass-like harmonized vocals to humorous, screaming speed vocals (a la Extra Hot Sauce). Spiraling rhythms with a healthy low end. My favorite song is of course "Cannabis Man," a story of the sad and never-ending process of scoring more herb. The band has already started touring, so you can expect to hear more about these folks. —ANDREW FREY

Asystole
Higher Form of Hatred
Dependent Lividity Productions, 8301 Brighton Blvd. Commerce City, CO 80022

Knowing that Asystole was formed by former Anathema members, some of who are also former Legion Of Death members, gives you an idea of the intensity and command that this tight grindcore trio (they're looking for a bassist) has with their latest four-song release. Guitar wizards Mike McFarlin and Jeff Harmsen inebriate you with solos and great riffs, while twisting and contorting your body into writhing hatred with each and every song. Lots of blood, lots of death.
—ANDREW FREY

The Violet Hour
The Nostalgic Lucy Blues
Pre-production demo

Four original alternative rock (not too hard, not too soft) songs with a not-very-original sound. R.E.M.-style redundancy is a problem here, yet Johnny and Zelda still demonstrate solid musicianship and competent vocals. The fifth track (BONUS!), a cover of the Velvet Underground's "White Light/White Heat" is pretty lame—but then, compared to Lou Reed, who isn't? —ANALEA



Rok Tots
Thirty Ill Moons
UXB (PO Box 110023, Aurora, CO 80042)

A high-quality eight-song cassette by the area's most enduring and progressive punk rock band. What this dedicated trio does with a 4-track recorder (guitarist/vocalist/brilliant songwriter Jimmy West also produced and engineered this fine effort) puts 99 percent of today's idiotic, overproduced, and generally say-nothing rock to shame. The oh-so-fun cut "You're No Fun" alone (not to mention the cassette's mysterious title and title track—an uncharacteristic instrumental) makes this a worthy buy for any music collection. —ANALEA

Dance On Fire
Pandemonium

The progression this youthful quartet has made over the past four or so years (still all original members!) is proof positive that staying together throughout the rough times (and this group has had more than its share) definitely pays off. Everything about DOF has expanded: more intricate arrangements, increasingly inventive use of effects pedals, and dynamic songwriting (as in they don't all sound the same—a healthy feat for any group exploring the nebulous realms of alternative rock). Did I mention that this band puts out the finest artwork and flyers in the universe? The only thing missing from this beauty is a lyric sheet.
—Rx

People on Organic Pills
Iguana Spit Productions

Do you need an a pill? P.O.O.P combines the wide ranging influences of Frank Zappa and the Muppets. Human and cartoon voices spring to life in tripped out choruses of dementia, twisted by a tuned-out guitar, a sick-sounding bass clarinet, sporadic saxophone, and simple yet tasty drum licks. Wonderfully silly! Four songs is just enough to leave ya jonesin' for more of them organic pills. —ANDREW FREY

Warlock Pinchers
Circusized Peanuts

With a new nine-song album set for release on June 8, the Official Band of Satan continues its unrelenting rampage of sonic psychosis, satire and general silliness. The Pinchers' unique brand of hardcore/rap (excuse me, "Kung Fu Hip-Hop Noise") features a pair of dueling vocalists/rappers (the blow horn is a nice touch), two guitarists, a bass player, Mr. Drum Machine, and sampling galore. With such lyrical gems as "Jesus on a Urinal Cake," "Meet Goatee Woatee," and "Don't Play This Song on the Radio" (don't worry; they won't...), Colorado's favorite sons (of Satan) once again prove that obnoxious, offensive, down right *bratty* noise rules. If you buy only one local release this summer, make it this one. And if you see only one local band live, ditto—but you'd better catch 'em soon, cuz these circusized peanuts have no fear of the road (tho Beelzabub knows they should...) and are definitely destined for the Big Top. —Rx

Dollhouse
Bondage
Demo

Returned. Pounding. Pulsating. Driving. 4-Track. Broke. Amusing. Tasty. Distortion. Punk. Wave. Anarchy. Happy-face. Dark. Bitch. Strange Boy. Music Box. Goodbye Girl. Allison's Wedding Night. Mosh. Aaron. Mike. Zane. Tommy. Crash. Boom. Piercing. Heavy. Turbulence. Harsh. Raucous. Vicious. Wicked. Groovy. Ambiguous. Distinct. Unconventional. Zap. Biff. Pow. Ker-splunk. —BRADLEY RYAN

Jag Panzer
Ample Destruction
Caroline

A re-issue of Colorado Spring's band Jag Panzer's classic album. High-quality metal with great vocals from Harry "The Tyrant" Conklin. These guys were great for their time. I've seen the band at least ten times, and they were always tight and professional on stage. I don't know why they're living in the past. They should reform and do some new shit; maybe it'll spark that flame and get the tank running again. —JEFF HARMSEN

Mordred
In This Life
Noise International

Like a lot of people I've talked to, I didn't really care much for this album upon first listen. Maybe that's because I expected it to be total thrash, but it's not—and that's what's so great about it. It's unique and doesn't get repetitive like a lot of thrash, and now, after many listens, I'm hooked on it. Though much different than their thrash-funk debut, *Fools Game*, it still has a great mix of thrash, funk and a bit of rap. The band uses a lot of weird but cool effects, especially in the song "Larger Than Life." Listen, but with an open mind. —KRISSIE ANDERSON

Fear of God
Within the Veil
Warner Bros.

This is a very strange record. The music is really generic mid-tempo metal, and for once, I actually think that may be a plus. Vocalist Dawn Crosby has a very unique voice—she purrs, screams, whispers and whines, and if the band were too interesting, it might shift a listener's attention too far away from the subtleties of her performance. Yes, you read correctly—subtlety on a metal album! Crosby literally carries this album on her shoulders and manages to avoid nearly all the cliches—except for one Armageddon song. Instead, she has chosen to sing about female sexuality and the way that our society looks down on women who enjoy sex, yet sells their bodies at the same time. Now don't get me wrong, this is no musical "Hite Report," but at the same time, it is refreshing to know that subtlety and lyrical diversity are possible in the metal genre—I'd almost forgotten.
—TOM HEADBANGER

Morbid Angel
Blessed are the Rich
Earache/Combat

The new Morbid finally popped into my hands, and I have to say that I'm disappointed. Their music is much slower and the production is too clean and refined. There are a few songs that are in more the old MA vein, like "Thy Kingdom Come" (off their demo) and "Evil Blasphemy," but there are too many intro pieces and overall the only things improved are the vocals and drums (although the drums are more limited this time). It's listenable and semi-enjoyable, but their brutal grind has taken a backseat to the new-found technical weirdness (innovativeness?). A good album for collectors, but not representative of the band considering what I've seen live in their videos. —JEFF HARMSEN

John Gorka
Jack's Crows
Windham Hill

Remember Gordon "If You Could Read My Mind" Lightfoot? Well, I think this is him. Gorka writes in his liner notes that he is "a rookie in the world of recording," which is probably just an attempt at hiding his true identity. He also thanks "Different Fur for new and clean clothing." Was this guy bumming on the streets, or what? Anyway, a friend told me that last time he saw Lightfoot in concert, the once-famous singer-songwriter was so wasted he couldn't even get through a single tune. Could Lightfoot have cleaned up is act (along with his clothes) and is making a comeback? Is "Gorka" actually a code name for "Gordon"? In any case, if you're into Gordon, you'll love Gorka.
—ANALEA

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones
Devils Night Out
TAANG!

"Ska-Metal from Hell," or "Satan's Ska," is how the band describes themselves. What this translates into is gravely vocals layered over hardcore horns and a groovin' rhythm beat. Great upbeat music to flow you through your day. Unique and awesome. —ANDREW FREY

Reflexu's
Da Mae Africa
Mango

Reflexu's is a contemporary band from the region of Bahia, Brazil. Although the traditions of samba schools can be heard in their music, the electric bass, guitar and synths tell their true colors. This is one of those bands that you would expect to see on the back of a Trio Electrico truck during carnival. Lots of up-tempo electricity, exotic percussion and dancing chorus en transite. They borrow half their tunes: a few gems from Ythamar Tropicalia and one dud from Gilberto Gil. But their best three numbers are written by Marquinhos, who I believe is a member of the band. Here the vocals have passion and conviction. This is pop or "new wave" from Bahia. A valiant attempt to break the Third World chains to enter the corporate world of *Big Musick*. So it's aimed at middle America. Slightly overproduced. It runs hot and cold. However, it is far more genuine and listenable than David Byrne's *Rio Masho* (or his Worst of Brazil, Vol. 13.) Bahia is 12 degrees closer to the equator than Rio de Janeiro. Reflexu's music is 112 degrees warmer than Paul Simon's saintly rhythms. *Da Mae Africa* (Of Mother Africa) was originally released in Brazil in 1987. It was popular in Brazil. If you like the Latin sound, you love 1/3 of this, listen to another 1/3, and forget the rest.
—GEORGE OTTINGER

Maelstrom
Step One
TAANG!

Witty, intelligent, pro-Earth, anti-bullshit lyrics with catchy, motivating funk/metal chops, plus a "Hee-Haw" Metallica cover of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" that must be heard to be believed.
—ANDREW FREY

RECORD REVIEWS

Misery Guts
Escape From the Planet Gouge
Apraxia (Box 765, Manitou Springs, CO 80829)

From the thimble of a madman comes the ring of a prince. Misery Guts is not a straight-forward band at all. The best way to envision it is by thinking of an English bloke with a demented passion for tape recorders and underwater planets (Gouge). Ambiguous though this statement will be, a little confusion couldn't do anything but enhance the sonic query that makes up *Escape From the Planet Gouge*. Since Apraxia's slogan is "The voice of a new degeneration," quantities are probably as limited as brain cells, so ya better hurry. Red hot noise from a red hot noise label! —ANDREW FREY

Christy McCool
Lovelier than the Queen of England
Doctor Dream Records

The record company must have realized their mistake as this album was about to be shipped. The cover photographs of the band make them look so friendly, the lettering of the band's logo on the cover is reminiscent of Edie Brickell and New Bohemians, and with a name like Christy McCool...well, Doctor Dream must have figured that the public might think that the band was just more retro-late-sixties granola and never give them a chance. Thus the sticker on the front of the album that says "Christy McCool ain't no eco-vegetarian folkie, it's a #@*! Damn BAND!" And it's true. While none of the members of Christy McCool are too exciting individually, the songs on *Lovelier than the Queen of England* have an intensity, both musically and lyrically, that makes outrageous chops unnecessary. The music is heavy but not repetitive, with vocalist (and former Denverite) Thomas Tree screaming about cigarettes and television and the L.A. streets over the top of a sledging power trio. The band is named for famed street-person Christy McCool, "the orange soda, cheeto heroine and Queen of Hollywood Blvd. 1954-present." Only time will tell if this band has that kind of staying power. —KBG

Tankard
The Very Best Of
Noise International

Hey! Gimmee another pure German beer, none of dat chemically invaded sheist. Ahhh, dat's goood. Well, da speed metal drunkards have compiled all der best hacks and flushed 'em into one package. Me being a long-time fan of these powerhouse maniacs (and beer) made it a definite must. Straightforward, powerful thrash with hellariously intoxicated lyrics. Unfortunately for the newcomer, there is no lyric sheet, but "Don't Panic"—you can figure 'em out. The recording contains one previously unreleased to U.S. song, "Alien," and a new killer version of "(Empty) Tankard." After a "shitfaced" night of getting sick and thrashing rooms, you won't have any regrets about this "The Morning After." (Hick up.) —JOEL WILSON

Carnival of Shame
Go Tell Mother
(PO Box 15959, Philadelphia, PA 19103)

This band seems to be influenced by a variety of late 70's or early 80's music along the lines of the Clash, Psychedelic Furs, Romantics and punk, but maybe a bit thrashier. This-13 song CD features a blend of both live and studio cuts, with its best material being among the five songs recorded at Studio 4 out in Philadelphia, the band's home town. I can hang with the corny "new wave" vocals, the thrashy guitar sounds, the simple punk chord changes, and the drunk background vocals, but pauses and tuning-up noises could've been chopped out. The performance has emotion and a strong groove, but the songs tend to drone on by without any real distinctiveness in the musical sense, other than the irritating fact that each one has a different mix quality, ranging from fairly good to outright sonic mush. Good music for a back-East hardcore band, but not the most gallant attempt at doing a CD project.
—FRANK RONCALIO

Earl Klugh
The Best of Earl Klugh
Blue Note/Capitol

How did they chose the twelve songs for this "best of" collection? Most of Klugh's acoustic lite jazz songs sound very similar—but that's not bad. This 12-string master's style is so unique that I never tire of it. But then, the only time I ever put Earl on is just before climbing into the sack with a nice little bedtime buzz and a friendly companion.
—ANALEA

An intense individual or a sick fuck?

Peter Steele turns the signing of their record contract into a ritual as he slices his arm with a razor blade. Steele later mixed the blood with his own semen and used the mixture to sign the dotted line.

Type "O" Negative
Slow, Deep, and Hard
RoadRacer

Pain...Get ready for a hardcore mindfuck. Type "O" Negative shows that the hate and animosity originated in Carnivore has found a new home. Occasionally, *Slow, Deep, and Hard* bursts forth with a muddy, grinding speed riff, but at other times it will put you in a trance that takes you to some secret places in your mind. The flow of the music conjures up dank images of dreary religious surroundings and sexually sadistic times. This intense and violent album could easily be made into a great soundtrack for an outrageous B&D flick!
—ANDREW FREY

Screaming Trees
Uncle Anesthesia
Epic

Finally, a band I can latch on to. This Seattle- based, Chris-Cornell saluting band of four can really lay down a beat. In 1990 the Trees released an EP called *"Something About Today,"* and three of the four songs reappear on the newest production. However, they've been spiced up. Everything about this album is a step in the right direction for the Trees. The songs are a strange exploration into the modern blues rock scene. My picks off this effort are "Alice Said," the redone "Something About Today," and "Uncle Anesthesia." Don't take this band at face value. —PHILIP HOLMES

Billy Squier
Creatures of Habit
Capitol

Having not heard a Billy Squier release since 1982's blockbuster *Emotions in Motion*, I expected little more than a tepid collection of old-fart guitar rock from a once-sexy Squier. But surprise, surprise: Old habits die hard, it seems, and in this case those habits are good. This album features solid musicianship and a collection of introspective (biographical?) love songs. Although there's nothing here with the hook (and hit potential) of "Everybody Wants You," it's a worthy, sincere effort from a "Young At Heart" (and still very sexy) old fart. —ANALEA

The Bang Gang
Love Sells
Sinclair Records

Being a photographer, I was looking at the rather large pics in the J-card (music jargon) and noticed guitarist Scott Stevens and thought, "Hey, I was best buds with this slob when we were kids!" After a few phone calls, I tracked him down in L.A. and talked to him for hours. The band was plugging along and got the chance to play at the Whiskey A-Go-Go. They could only play two songs, but that's all it took to get signed. The tape is a little too commercial for my tastes, but the guitar work of Scott and K.J. Kristoffersen is pretty flavorful, and I know Scott has a lot more to offer than you're hearing. Side two is far better than the previous, with my personal fave, "Be A Model (Or Just Look Like One)." But hey, this is only the beginning.
—BRADLEY RYAN

Wrathchild America
3-D
Atlantic Records

This recording makes you wanna move, but it's so tastefully offbeat I couldn't figure out whether to slam, thrash around, headbang, or just spaz out. All I ended up accomplishing was trashing my equilibrium. These guys have combined a 12-song conglomeration of total melodic mayhem and uncountable tempo changes to conceive a brilliant orgasm of originality. *3-D* is a big step forward from their previous release *Climin' the Walls*. Any positive thought can only attempt to describe this heavy, thrashy, pop/funk, bluesy and at times intricately delicate recording. All the songs are extraordinary examples of this, with no one song dominating another. Recommended to all with a very open mind for versatile music styles.
—JOEL WILSON

PICK HITS

SOHO
Goddess
ATCO

I could kick myself for missing SOHO when they opened for Jesus Jones on May 9 at the Glenn Miller Ballroom! *Goddess* is the best funk/pop/soul/dance/psychedelic, etc. release to come down the musical tubes in years (a fact discovered long ago in SOHO's native U.K., where the catchy "Hippychick" shot up the indie charts upon its release in spring of 1990, then went on to become the #1 import from the U.K.).

The heart of SOHO consists of identical twins Jacqueline and Pauline Cuff, who have been making music with guitarist/songwriter Timothy Brinkhurst since 1982. As SOHO's bio puts it, the album "reflects this theme of strong women doing what they want despite existing in a male-dominated world." For example, "Hippychick" is a dialogue between a woman and her ex-boyfriend/policeman, who arrests her at a demonstration. Explaining in no uncertain terms that she's "no hippychick," the young woman refuses to rely on sweet talk (or pillow talk, for that matter) to get out of the situation.

With powerful, meaningful (as in These Women Mean It) lyrics and catchy, diverse music (one minute they sound like the Supremes, the next like Madonna—*if* the bimbo had substance and something other than tits-for-brains...), *Goddess* is a winner in every sense. Other clever, stick-in-yer-head standouts include "Freaky," "God's Little Joke" and "Out of My Mind." This album's not only Highly Recommended—it's *Goddess*-like. —Rx

Nancy Sinatra
The Hit Years
Rhino

How can we talk Goddess without talking Nancy? Frank's little girl recorded some hot stuff during "The Hit Years" (1965 to 1970), and with such classics as "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'" ("And that's just what they'll do/And one of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you") and "Lightning's Girl," li'l Nancy made it clear no guy was about to shove her around and get away with it.

This compilation holds 18 of Nancy's finest, including "Something Stupid," her infamous duet with father Frank, "You Only Live Twice," (the theme song from the James Bond film of the same name), and "The Last of the Secret Agents," a parody of a James Bond-like character. All are great, but Nirvana in reached in Nancy's duets with Lee Hazelwood, who, along with arranger Billy Strange, was also responsible for writing most of her songs.

While many of Nancy's songs ("Sugar Town," for example) seem poppish and, well, *sugary*, Hazelwood brought a dark side—not to mention a mythic quality—to many of Nancy's tunes. And their duets are superb: "Jackson" captures is a funny-but-sad lover's spat and "Summer Wine" is just plain beautiful, but "Some Velvet Morning," a haunting gem which was a mega-hit in 1968, is perhaps Nancy's (and Lee's) finest work. Strangely, it is a song about Phaedra, who in Greek mythology was said to have killed herself out of unreturned love/lust for her husband's son. Not exactly a feminist tirade, but coupled with such songs as "Boots" and "How Does That Grab You, Darlin'?" ("this girl is leavin' you behind"), it all balances out; Nancy remains a tried and true Goddess of the highest order.
—Rx

Last Crack
Burning Time
Roadracer

Softly. They will blow into your mind, like a gentle breeze rustling the trees. See the world from a different angle. Float along with Buddo, the uncompromising vocalist, and find out what is real; is it love or surrender? See innocence corrupted by decadence, and feel your mind reel as a blood red, ice cold reality slaps you in the face. Is God love, or is love God? Open wild, open wide, this Last Crack will creep into your memory and haunt you till you hear it again. Take nothing for granted; find out why this is the burning time. —ANDREW FREY

Bob's Your Uncle
Tale of 2 Legs
Doctor Dream Records

There's a lot of bands out there that make a living by copying other bands. Clones of Led Zeppelin or Metallica or the Beatles or the Stones are understandable, since the original groups were so popular and influential. But copying 10,000 Maniacs? There are several moments on this album that sound jarringly familiar, even to people (like me) who haven't heard much of the Maniacs' music. And if you're someone (like me) who thinks that the material you *have* heard from them is pretty yawnola, then you'll probably think that *Tale of 2 Legs* is boring drivel (like I do). —KBG

Anacrusis
Manic Impressions
Metal Blade

Anacrusis is power. Anacrusis is life. These four St. Louis fellows certainly know how to put together demanding, thought provoking albums. The 1990 release of *Reason* set the intense, eerie mood of Anacrusis, and *Manic Impressions* does nothing but further this. Musician extraordinare Kenn Nardi who not only handles guitar and unique vocal duties for the band, but also managed to produce this latest masterpiece. The vocals become the instrument infinite as the melodic, soul-touching vocals turn to primal screams, painting a vivid picture of the harsh reality we all live in, while the lyrics plead with your mind for action. Incredibly heavy riffs form the basis for many of the songs. Breaks and time changes appear and are washed into the next flood of instrumental impressions, just as time melts away each of our days. But in the backlash of this chaos, you will find comfort and understanding....
—ANDREW FREY

The Subdudes
Lucky
east west/Atlantic

Even though the 'dudes were living in Colorado and playing area clubs when they got signed, it would be unfair to claim them as a local band. They did their real music development in New Orleans—a city famous for the zydeco style so prevalent in the 'dudes' R&B-based sound—but ironically had to come to Colorado (where their musical style stands out like the proverbial tarantula on a piece of angel-food cake) in order to get noticed. This album is superb (love that cover of Al Green's "Tired of Being Alone") in every way; having had the pleasure to dance to the 'dudes live sound in many different venues, I'm here to say that the beauty of this album has little to do with studio magic. In fact, the most notable feat here was in capturing the purity and magic of the Dude's live sound. —ANALEA

Backseat Driver
Blackout
Rear Entrance Records

I guess these guys haven't heard yet that it takes more than bragging about your cock size to get laid nowadays. If you are looking for intelligent lyrics and original tunes, then just leave this band in the backseat—or better yet, throw them out of the car altogether! Judging from the song titles ("Lick the Tip" and "Stuff the Beaver," for instance), these guys haven't been in the backseat in a long time. Unfortunately, their musical talent (or lack thereof) won't be helping their cause any, either. If they're half as well endowed as they claim, then they are in the wrong industry; they ought to be making pornos. Hopefully, their members stand up better than this album does!
—TOM HEADBANGER

Mory Kante
Touma
Mango

Beware, this is Disco Bop! But if you can't get your partner's ass wigglin' with this, forget it! "Krougnegne," the opening cut, will shake your foundation. Ringing harp and hot drums. Call and response; haunting vocals punctuated by pulsing horns. This is a dynamic follow-up to Mory's international hit "Ye Ke Ye Ke" (#1 in 7 countries; top 10 in another dozen lands). Mory is the world's first electric griot. After 10 years of working the studios of Paris, this balladeer from Guinea has made it. He has successfully mixed synths & drums, horns & chorus with his beautiful kora, West Africa's multi-stringed harp. It sounds alive! Yet it's as clean as that of the Andreas Vull n' Wider, the happiest guru of the yuppie zombies. And Mory masters the disco atmosphere and format perfectly. The slow #'s, a cappella, and trad melodies give you a breather. He uses more electronic drums than Foday Musa Susa and slicker vocals than Youssou N'Dour. African Disco is now the pulse of Europe's discotheques and throughout the Caribbean. So if you are a night creature of the dance shadows, spin this one with your camp. It moves. They move. P.S. Also, look for the "acid" mix of "Ye Ke Ye Ke" by Martyn Young. —GEORGE OTTINGER

Mighty Force
Dive
Earache/Combat

Just what the music industry needs: two more English whiteboys who look like cancer patients to show the world how to funk. Why all these lame little limeys persist in their feeble attempts at technofunk is beyond me. The rhythm is thin and the melody line on the title track is sampled from Public Enemy. The only thing this limp piece of vinyl has going for it is that the teabags didn't try to "rap" on it. Don't waste your money on this one—you've already heard it.
—TOM HEADBANGER

Demolition Hammer
Tortured Existence
Century Media

A very good thrash/death/grind album from some of NY's heaviest! Hailing from Yonkers (home of the gods Immolation) is DH, whose sound is reminiscent of Atrophy meets Deicide with some Malevolent Creation thrown in. Every instrumental is well-mixed, and a full sound is not sacrificed. A must-buy for death fiends, and even you wimps will probably like the techno-heavy stuff, as well as Steve Reynold's low but well-executed vocals and lyrics.
—JEFF HARMSEN

Primus
Sailing the Seas of Cheese
Interscope

"When the going gets tough and the stomach acids flow, the cold wind of conformity is nipping at your nose, when some trendy new atrocity has brought you to your knees, come with us we'll sail the Seas of Cheese." Primus continues on their voyage with *Seas of Cheese*, even as unbelievable bassist Les Claypool continues to remove his hair. At first listen I was a bit disappointed, but after several listens I started to make out enough of the lyrics to understand where they've sailed off to. One thing Primus knows how to do is write incredible stories with memorable hooks in the songs. Maybe that's why these fishermen are gonna catch you...
—ANDREW FREY

Malevolent Creation
The Ten Commandments
Roadrunner Records

This is the best album of 1991 so far and earns itself a place in the grind hall-o-fame! An annoying vinyl chunk-throwing effort by one of Florida's death gods. A tough, hateful production with everything one needs to satisfy a morbid desire for brutal tunes. All I have to say is buy this when it comes out or be condemned to hearing Chris Isaak for the rest of your meaningless life. Nuff said?
—JEFF HARMSEN

Dots Will Echo
Dots Will Echo
High Street Records

Imagine, if you will, an attempt to combine the high-tech textures of synthesized dance music, the songwriting and jangly guitars of English pop (a la XTC), and the "hey, let's go to sleep!" energy of New Age tunes. Continue imagining, since that will save you the trouble of picking up a copy of *Dots Will Echo*. Produced by Will Ackerman of Windham Hill fame, this band has no energy, no wit, no lyrical interest, and no chance of remaining in my record collection. A corporate merger between musical styles, I'm sure Dots Will Echo looked good on a sheet of demographic statistics, but in my living room it sounds like ZZZZZZZzzzzz. —KBG

Sting
The Soul Cages
A&M

Sting—the godhead. Handsome, intelligent, cultivated, literary. The ex-English teacher kind enough to bless the world with his poetic genius. Yeah whatever. Sting (come on Mr. Sumner, even John Cougar uses his real name now) wouldn't bother me very much, except at one time I had faith in the twit. I wallowed in self-pity for weeks after my first dumping, powered by such Police songs as "So Lonely" and "Can't Stand Losing You." But nowhere are there lyrics as insightful as "De do do do, de da da da" on Gordon's latest offering, *The Soul Cages*. Instead, we're given "deep" lyrics like "We dream in safety's keeping/But perhaps the dream/Is dreaming us." Such attempts as this lead one to believe that Mr. Sumner's ultimate goal in life is to have his lyrics taught in an English boarding school—where he's headmaster. Unfortunately, his poetic license appears to have run out. Oh yes, this album makes a great addition to the godhead. It turns out that both of Gordy's parents passed away since his last album. So due to his soul searching, we are given some interesting background information (ie., his father fished). Listen. If you want to hear "literary" lyrics go buy the latest by Nick Cave, or better yet, William S. Burroughs' spoken-word offering. If you think Sting is a god, go buy a poster, preferably the one with his shirt open.
—CUIBHAN

A L I E N

HOT PROSPECTS

1. **Mighty Force**, "Dive," 12" (Combat/Earache)
2. **Clock DVA**, *Buried Dreams*, CD (Wax Trax!)
3. **Bassomatic**, *Set the Controls for the Heart of the Bass, cassette (Virgin)*
4. **Abecedarians**, *The Other Side of the Fence*, LP (For/Against)
5. ***Death of Vinyl***, various artists, CD (DO Ventertainment)
6. **Hafler Trio**, *Intoutof*, LP (Soleilmoon)
7. **Various artists**, *Dangerhouse, Vol. 1*, LP (Frontier Records)
8. **Weirdos**, Vol. 1, *Wierd World*, LP (Frontier Records)
9. **The Residents**, *Stranger than Supper*, LP (UWEB)
10. ***Technopolis***, various artists, LP/CD (Cargo America)

When we first heard the new **Hullabaloo** we were stuck in traffic at 7:30 a.m. on a frozen Wednesday in January. We were late, annoyed, and wrestling with the lid of a 7-11 coffee cup when we noticed the Hullabaloo tape on the dashboard, sitting unopened. We ripped off the shrink-wrap with our teeth, like it was a pack of cigarettes, and shoved it in the tape player. The ensuing blast of pseudo-**Hanna Barbera** soundtrack, moving into a pounding rock beat with a screaming solo trumpet, gave us more than we could ever have hoped for. This new EP, "Dead Serious" (Toxic Shock), is more than a good follow-up to their last LP, *Beat Until Stiff*. "Dead Serious" goes even further in incorporating Hullabaloo's garagey cheez-metal underpinnings with something bigger and weirder; throwing trumpet, sax, harmonica and bizarre humor into the mix, they drag us through the vicious rock of "Die Laughing," "For Richard Stands" and "Drink to Get Drunk," and kick into trip-oid gear on long, spacey jams like "Curse of Civilization." As Hullabaloo's magnum opus, though, "Dead Serious" also holds their greatest mistake: an annoying, if not accurate, version of **Led Zep**'s "The Rain Song." As well as they do it, we firmly believe that in this day and age, the last thing the world needs is more Led goddam Zeppelin. Stick to **Bette Midler** covers, guys.

New York saxophone madman **John Zorn** has been having a major brilliance streak lately. His band **Naked City**'s new LP, *Torture Garden* (Shimmy Disc), is the most screaming fucking powerful, schizoid jazz-grind-death-anger-speed thing to stick its leg out across our path and send us stumbling to the ground in far too long. Naked City's first LP makes clear their intention to cram as many musical styles and phrases into their spastic, tightly arranged songs as is humanly possible—and now they've done it all, at a million miles an hour. The new LP further exploits the guest vocals of Japanese grindscreamer **Yamatsuka Eye**, plus the strangely placed talents of old hats **Fred Frith** on bass and **Bill Frisell** on guitar; as well as brilliant keyboard work by **Wayne Horvitz**; and the jazz/swing/machine gun talents of **Joey Baron**, who has worked with Zorn in other projects, such as *Spy vs. Spy*, a tribute album to **Ornette Coleman**. Fans of everything from grindcore to metal to jazz will simultaneously repulsed, insulted and enthralled by *Torture Garden*, and that's exactly the point. It must be heard to be believed.

Another project Zorn was recently involved in is the magnificent *Carl Stalling Project* (Warner Bros.), a collection of beautifully edited scores from Warner Brothers cartoons during their heyday, 1936-1958. Yeah, it might sound silly at first, but after we get over the sensation of trying to attach visual images to everything, it becomes apparent how amazing all this music really is. **Carl Stalling**, the musical director at WB for over 20 years, wrote a score a week for a fifty-piece orchestra and dragged them through each segment piece by piece, a process made clear by the first composition, a recording of the orchestra playing a ten-second segment six times until they finally get it right. After about thirty listens, we started getting bits and pieces stuck in our head all day, just like a normal album. This project stands as evidence that Stalling is one of the most eclectic, underrated and enjoyable composers of the 20th century.

Standing somewhat apart from the endless onslaught of electro-synth dance "industrial" crap is **KMFDM**'s new LP, *Naive* (Wax Trax!), which, although it displays the usual tactics of dumb lyrics and repetition-as-an-art form, manages to rise above the muck by sounding organic enough to draw us in, with real, imperfectly delivered guitars and actual (only semi-processed) vocals. Also to the Wax Trax! label's credit an older release, **Wreck**'s *Soul Train* LP, which has been getting some renewed action on the turntable. These guys are a rock band, using low-tech stuff like guitars and bass and real drums, laying overlapping grunt-chord patterns over strange, stumbling drum rhythms. Produced by former-drum-machine-abuser **Steve Albini**, *Soul Train* shows what kinda angsty crunch a band is capable of without ever switching on the Macintosh.

1991's been a great year for the 7" single/EP. We've gotten four of far, three of which are pre-releases for upcoming albums. The **Butthole Surfers** hint at the sounds of their upcoming album on their 7" single "Hurdy Gurdy Man" (Rough Trade). Yeah, it's a cover of the **Donovan** song, reverent yet bubbling with hallucinogenic fury, elaborately mixed with organs and flutes and **Gibby** making his Adam's apple vibrate. The b-side's a throwaway sample/guitar dirge jam. The 7" is on yellow vinyl in a pseudo-limited edition of 5000.

Poopshovel's new 7", "Outta My Hair" (Community 3), is a pair of tunes from their upcoming LP, *I Came, I Saw, I Had a Hotdog*. The single flaunts the Poopster's heaviest rockin' sound ever, with the title song reeling in a manner reminiscent of the **Rollins Band** school of grind-rock. The flip is a magnificently stupid cover of **Queen**'s "Dragon Attack," with a frighteningly accurate guitar solo and horrible **Skidrow**-ish vocals. We await the LP, and you should too....

In another pseudo-limited edition of 5000 is **Sick Of It All**'s new EP (In-Effect), with two new songs from what promises to be a rager of a new LP, plus two blistering live tracks and a great cover version of **Minor Threat**'s "Betray." SOIA haven't changed a thing, and we don't know why they should.

The final 7" is the only one which doesn't point towards a new LP, and also the only one without a cover song: the "Buffalo EP" (Red Decibel) by the now-defunct Minnesota band **Outcry**. This four-song EP documents their rockin' midwest-hardcore sound circa 1988.

Another recent release from Red Decibel is the self-titled LP from the **Coup De Grace**, a Minneapolis metal/thrash band who approach the sound with a straightforward, heavy assault. They're one of the few underground metal bands whose vocalist isn't annoying as hell, and it allows the tight, catchy grunge of CDG's songs to shine through. We first heard them last year on yet another 7" single, and their LP doesn't disappoint.

For what it's worth, here's the heavy rotation list for the past coupla weeks:

Ornette Coleman, *Something Else!* (Contemporary)
Naked City, *Torture Garden* (Shimmy-Disc)
Naked City, *Naked City*, (Elektra/Nonesuch)
KMD, *Gas Face Refill* (12") (Elektra)
Carl Stalling Project, (Warner Bros.)
Sauter/Dietrich/Moore, *Barefoot In the Head* (Forced Exposure)
Gipsy Kings, *Allegria* (Elektra Musician)
Hullabaloo, *Dead Serious* (Toxic Shock)
Cecil Taylor, anything and everything I can find.
—PATRICK BARBER

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WARM FLESH AND COLD STEEL

My Romance With the Railroad

By Tom Headbanger

One cold-ass day over a decade ago, I was hitching back from North Dakota on I-25. If you've ever hitched the Casper-Denver stretch on a weekday, you can probably relate to the frustration I was feeling after about five hours in the snow. Nobody—and I mean nobody—would even slow down to take a second look at my ragged ass! Suddenly I saw the coal train inching towards me. It was slowing down. At that time, I didn't know that it follows a pretty standard schedule. All I knew was that it was moving and I wasn't, and it was moving in a southerly direction. I rushed down the embankment and hopped on. It was the beginning of a long romance between warm flesh and cold steel.

The images from that first ride are etched into my memory forever. It was a spectacular ride through a broad canyon with a creek running in the bottom. No road in sight, no litter. The train was going so slow I could jump off and fill my canteen with the clearest, sweetest water I've ever drunk, and hop right back on. I saw a bald eagle swoop down and catch a fish, just like in that old Maytag commercial. Six-odd hours later, I was rolling into Cheyenne. I had heard horror stories about railroad detectives beating up riders. I didn't know then that most railroad companies are too short-staffed to have more than one or two security guys, and they never look in the cars. They probably miss having riders; it's another sign that the railroad is on the way out. In my youthful ignorance, I made a quick departure, walked over to the highway, and hitched back into Denvo. I vowed to hop any train I could from then on, and I've kept my oath. I've probably ridden about 5,000 miles on the rails by now.

Most factories and buildings are built to face the highway, so the freight train runs behind them; you see a lot of the hidden side of our industrial culture.

My new-found love led me to do some research into the history of train hopping. The railroad plays an important part in what is commonly known as the American Myth. From its introduction to this continent, it was instrumental in the taming of the Wild West. When the first transamerican line was completed, it signed the death warrant for the mighty buffalo, and made cross-country trade a reality. Overnight, tank towns sprung up where there had been only sagebrush, causing big conflicts with the original inhabitants of America. The train became a symbol both of progress and escape, epitomizing both the railroad baron and the working man, the magnate and the hobo. Although most transportation is now over the highways, the train remains a popular image in contemporary art and music. The majestic sounds and sheer size of a loaded freight train inspire awe, even to our tele-jaded generation.

Any study into the underground aspects of railroad lore has to include the now nearly forgotten hobos. For them, the railroad was a vital means of transportation, and the tracks were a point of communication. They used to leave messages for each other in the form of code, informing other 'bos about pesky sheriffs, generous widows, good places to stay and so forth. Contrary to popular myth, the hobos were not a bunch of lazy, criminal scoundrels. Many of them were anarchist activists, intellectuals who became disillusioned with the "American Dream." These radical pioneers organized a loose support group for those who chose to "drop out" of American society and live on the road. It has been suggested by some old 'bos that many of the social reforms put into effect by FDR were lifted directly from the already-existing hobo network.

The railroad yards now lie abandoned, the hulks of the once proud engines and cars rusting on the decaying tracks which once were our nation's lifelines. The hobos are wasting away in government-funded nursing homes, perhaps thinking of the irony that they are being cared for in their last days by the government which they once so fervently denounced. The trucks roar by, forbidden by the insurance companies to pick up hitchhikers, perhaps counting the days until they too, like the mighty railroads, are rendered obsolete by a technology they neither understand nor control. And the wheels spin on....

Nowadays, whenever I get stressed out and need a break from "reality," I just catch the coal train south. It's great therapy, just to be alone on a meandering hunk of steel, to be isolated from everything except sound and motion. And scenery.

You know the coal train—it's the one that holds you up for 25 minutes on South Santa Fe. Admit it: You've cursed that goddamn train a dozen times. Well, I may've been on it, laughing at all you suckers in cars! It is truly a giant among giants. One hundred tons of coal per car, 100 cars. Six or more trains a day, every day. That makes sixty thousand tons of coal a day, making its slow way from the Dakota coal mines to somewhere in Texas-El Paso, some old guy told me. It may be slow, but it runs like clockwork.

Back in the golden era, nobody hopped the coal train, because it's slow and it's dirty. All the old timers think I'm crazy riding the coal train, but hell, these days it ends up being faster than hitching. Just wear old clothes and bring a spare set, 'cause boy you will be blacker than a tar baby when you get off!

I needed a break about a month ago, and hopped a train. It turned out to be my longest ride so far; I rode all the way to Raton, New Mexico. I caught the midnight train at the Mousetrap and got off in Raton about 4 p.m. the next day. So I made about 250 miles in about 16 hours. That old coal train stops a lot. Like I said before, it's slow, but at least you know it's going somewhere!

It's an odd sensation to ride a train. You feel as though you're giving up all the control: Where you stop no-one knows. There's no bathroom (fuck it, piss on the coal, and just pray you don't have to do "number two"!) Now I understand why they call them "highways." The railroad takes the low way; generally there is a ditch that the rails run through. There are all kinds of burrows in the banks that various animals live in; I saw some foxes, a badger, and too many coyotes. It's kind of reassuring to know that in these deserted areas, the wildlife is beginning to take over again. Stagnant, oil-laden pools of "water." Moldering machinery. Barren toxic waste sites. Since no one rides the freight train, they never bother to try and hide the mess on that side of the fence. You see a lot of things that you'll never see on the highway.

One of the most amazing parts of the trip was the old steel mill in Pueblo. It is basically closed, I believe, but the legacy lives on. Behind it, there is an incredible collection of obsolete machinery. Steam-shovels, bulldozers, rusting cars and trucks. And then, the Pueblo Police Department shooting range. It's a real showplace, let me tell you! It's just interesting to find out that the Pueblo Police have (rough guess) a 10-acre shooting gallery. I'm sure they get a lot of visitors from out-of-town PD's!! There are several abandoned houses to shoot at as well.

Contrary to popular myth, the hobos were not a bunch of lazy, criminal scoundrels. Many of them were anarchist activists, intellectuals who became disillusioned with the "American Dream."

All in all, it's not a very stimulating ride. It was cold, and I got real impatient. But I had the time and space to cool out, clear my head, get the perspective I think we all need sometimes. It's weird to feel so isolated; you keep getting this feeling that you are part of some grand forgotten tradition. To ride the freight is to tap into a part of America that was amputated a long time ago, but the root is still there. There is still a feeling, a rebel cry, the Wild West is still there, just a trifle east of the asphalt veneer of I-25. A place where the antelope play-I saw them, god-dammit-well, the skies are still cloudy, (in fact, I got snowed on...oh well.)

The spirit of the hobos lives in the rails; to ride a train is to taste the blood and sweat they shed to try and escape the poison of our culture.

But it's there! There is a quiet place, a place where the subdivisions haven't crept in yet (and maybe never will), a place where there are no blaring neon lights and no cardboard "homes." The spirit of the hobos lives in the rails; to ride a train is to taste the blood and sweat they shed to try and escape the poison of our culture. And if you ever hop the rails, shed a tear for their lost lifestyle, buried unmourned beneath the asphalt.

1326. KEEP QUIET 1328. DANGER 1329. TELEPHONE 1330. TROLLEY 1331. RAILROAD 1332. JAIL 1333. JUDGE 1334. OFFICER 1335. GENTLEMAN 1336. DOCTOR 1337. DOG 1338. WOMAN 1339. WEALTH 1340. KINDHEARTED WOMAN 1342. BE GOOD (RELIGIOUS) 1345. WELL-GUARDED HOUSE 1346. AFRAID 1347. TELL PITIFUL STORY

1352. DISHONEST MAN (UNRELIABLE) 1349. BE PREPARED TO DEFEND YOURSELF 1350. MAN WITH GUN 1351. BAD DOG 1353. UNSAFE PLACE 1354. YOU WILL BE BEATEN

CLUBS

CMM clubs listings are **FREE**. Mail to P.O. Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248, Attn: Calendar Editor, or call 455-5312 with updates.

Annie's Place 454 E. Malley Dr., Northglenn, 457-0776. Explicit 5/9-12; Vendetta 5/16-19; Lil' Dreamer 5/23-26; Bugsy Malone 5/30-1.

After the Gold Rush 5255 W. 6th Ave., 232-7874. Rock. Call club for schedule.

Arap's 3866 S. Broadway, 761-7823. Nasty Nick and the Hurricanes 5/10; City Limits 5/17; Bad Apples 5/24; Cathy Burns and the Redhots 5/31.

Bangles 4501 E. Virginia Ave, 377-2701. Majestic 5/10-11; Freakshow, Caught in the Act, Angellic Rage, Leviathan 5/12; Sheer Threat 5/13-18; Tyketto 5/18; Hardknox, Deaf Child, Valor, Shock Cinema 5/20; Bugsy Malone 5/21-26; Alibi, Assault, Angellic Rage, Lethal Injection 5/27; Holy Smoke 5/28-1; Fingered-X 6/4-8; Aristaya 6/11-15; Mata Hari 6/18-22; X-tra X-tra 6/25-29.

Basin's Up 1427 Larimer, 623-2104. Buster Brown Band 5/6-12; Pam Savage and Romance Languages 5/13.

The Beach Grill 5551 W. 88th Ave., 428-7700. Diana Castro and the Bigtime 5/10-11; The Jinns 5/17-18; Heartbreak Radio 5/24-25; T.K.O. 5/31-6/8; Promise 6/14-15; Roundtree 6/21-22; Every Sunday: Mystic Island Steel Band.

Beaver's 3333 S. Yarrow 989-9820. Danger Boyz 5/9-11.

B.C. Sports Lounge 6501 W. Mississippi, 936-8513. Bad Apples 5/10; Otis T. and the Hammers 5/17; The Osburns 5/24; Otis T. the Hammers 5/31; Bad Apples 6/7.

Big City Lights 7000 W. Colfax, 234-0061. Suspect 5/13-18; Kid Rythem 5/20-25; Avante Garde 5/27-6/1; Problem Child 6/3-8; Sidewinder 6/10-15; Kid Rythem 6/17-22; Suspect 6/24-29; Lionize 7/1-6.

The Boulder Theatre 2030 14th, Boulder, 444-3600. Chris Daniels & the Kings 5/10; Throwing Muses w/ China My Eyes 5/12; Ferron 5/15; The Fixx 5/22; Leftover Salmon 5/24; The Healers 5/25.

Brandy's Lounge 770 28th St., Boulder, 449-3800. The Boogeymen 5/17; every Wednesday: John Lucy.

The Broadway 1082 Broadway, 860-7558. No Man, Strutter and Lethal Injection 5/1; Trauma Kamp 5/2; Lash La Rue, Amethyst and Hard Luck Kid 5/3; Zadex, Outlander and Corruption 5/4; KBPI Battle of the Bands 5/5; Quick Possesion, Speedy Bugs and Grey Scale 5/6; Talison, Ax-N-Granny and Johnny Unsociable 5/7; Action for Animals Benefit: Third Mist, Malice in Wonderland and Rok Tots 5/8; Baron Saturday, Lenny Charles Trio 5/9; Spanking Satan, Sympathy F, Fear of Sleep and Christy McCool 5/10; Third Mist, Risque and Strange Parade 5/11; KBPI Battle of the Bands 5/12; Villian, Spoiled Rotten, and Lethal Injection 5/13; Organized Confusion, Squeeze Patrol and Sher Khan 5/14; Union Pride, Force of Habit and Cold Moon 5/15; Spoiled Rotten 5/16; Dogs of Pleasure and Pistol Whipt 5/17; Dogs of Pleasure 5/18; KBPI Battle of the Bands Semi Finals 5/19; Desecrater, Third Mist and Squeeze Patrol 5/20; Johnny Unsociable, Ax-N-Granny and World Famous Twister Band 5/21; Leviathon and Robert Smart 5/22; Timepiece, Upstage and Strange Parade 5/23; KBPI Battle of the Bands 5/26; Window Pane and Boom Slangs 5/27; Bony Pony 5/28; Damnage 5/29; Wanker, Choosey Mothers and Malice in Wonderland 5/31.

Buffalo Rose 1119 Washington, Golden, 279-5190. Bugsy Malone 5/14-19; Edgar Winter Band 5/24-25; Foghat 5/31, 6/1; Savoy Brown 6-8; Mark Farner 6/22; Paul Revere & the Raiders 7/3.

Chianti's 235 Fillmore, 393-7700. Every Friday and Saturday Manuel Molina and Friends. Every Friday from 5:00-7:30: Laura Newman, Dave Randon and Chris Hewitt in A.O.A.

Club Cancun 4151 E. County Line Rd, 770-7722. Joe's Garage 5/18.

Club Peaches & the Pit 38th & Wadsworth, 420-8702. Wed.-Sat: Borderline.

Cricket on the Hill 1209 E. 13th, 830-9020. The Lovewhips 5/9; Theresa Lynn Band 5/10-11; The Hammerin Hanks 5/13; Richard Dean and Friends 5/14; The Truth of the Matter 5/15; Overhead Jam 5/16; Kidd Pharoah 5/17-18; The Alley Gators 5/20; Overhead Jam 5/21; Theresa Lynn Band 5/22; Lovewhips 5/23; Chris Daniels and the Kings 5/24; Truth of the Matter 5/25; Hammerin Hanks 5/27; Lovewhips 5/28; Theresa Lynn Band 5/29; Overhead Jam 5/30; J.D. and the Love Bandits 5/31.

Dr. Proctors 4201 E. Mississippi, 756-1665. Split Desicion 5/10-18; No Excuse 5/24-1.

Ecks's Saloon 9890 W. Girton Dr., Lakewood, 989-2991. Boomers 5/9-11; Direct Hit 5/12-13; Cheaters 5/14-16; Shadburry Street 5/17-18; Berry and the Rainbows 5/19; Majorfingers 5/19-21; Bob Yeazel 5/22; The Acousticats 5/23-26; Betty Rocker 5/27; Backstreet 5/28-2.

El Chapultepec 1962 Market, 295-9126. Billy Tolles and the All-Stars 5/12-29; Freddy Rodriguez and the Jazz Connection 5/30-1.

End Zone 455 Havana, Aurora, 364-6855. Otis T. and the Hammers 5/10-11; Southern Influence 5/17-18; Phineaus Cage 5/24; Southern Influence 5/31-1; Straight Away 6/7-8.

Falcone's 1096 Gaylord, 777-0707. Alive on Arrival with Laura Newman on Sax Natalie Renee Vocalist.

Franklin's 1641 California, 825-7803. Men About Town 5/9-11; Chris Daniels & the Kings 5/17; The Simpletones 5/18.

The Garage 2301 Blake, 296-6628. Bethnal Green 5/10; Roots Redemption 5/11; Rope w/Jux County 5/17; The Jonez 5/18; The Simpletones 5/24-25.

Gothic Theater 3263 S. Broadway, 789-1050. Book of Love 5/20; KMFDM May 21; Warlock Pinchers 6/8.

Ground Zero. 1360 College, Boulder, 444-5333. Firehose 5/10-11.

Herman's Hideaway 1578 S. Broadway, 778-9916. Healers 5/9; Molly O'Brian and the Blue Tips 5/10; Anson Thunderburgh and the Rockets w/ Sam Myers 5/11; Cradle 5/15; Big Foot Torso 5/16; Elik Pink 5/17-18; Jungle Fish 5/23; Big Head Todd and the Monsters 5/24-25; Men About Town 5/30; Monkey Siren 5/31.

Hotel Boulderado 2115 13th St., Boulder, 442-4344. Chuck Pyle 5/10-11; Dick Orleans 5/12-13; Jazz Showcase 5/14; Lynn Patrick 5/15; Crisman Quintet 5/16-18; Marty Peters 5/19-20; Jazz Showcase 5/21; Lynn Patrick 5/22; You Guys 5/23-25; Don Lewis 5/26-27; Jazz Showcase 5/28; Lynn Patrick 5/29; Rich Reno Blues Band 5/30-31.

Iliff Park Saloon 2300 S. Chambers Rd., 696-1404. Dazzler 5/7-12; Windfield 5/14-19; Lionize 5/21-26; Passion 5/28-2.

Jazz Works 1634 18th St., 297-0920. Pau Brasil 5/10-11; Richard Eliot 5/12-13; Lou Fischer's Rocky Mountain Big Band 5/14; Pam Savage 5/15; Jimmy Ellis 5/16-18; Dona McGee and the Blue Notes 5/19; Pam Savage 5/22-29; B.B. Coleman 5/23-25; Ron Miles 5/30; William Clark Blues Band 5/31-1; Ray Brown, Jean Harris and Jeff Hamilton 6/3-4; Hazel Miller 5/5; Jazz Worms 5/6; Jimmy Johnson 6/7-8.

Jet Lounge 2589 W. Main, Littleton, 798-4952. Nasty Nick and the Hurricanes 5/11; Warren Floyd 5/18.

JJ McCabes 945 Walnut, Boulder, 449-4310. Tim O'Brien & the O'Boys 5/14.

Junque's 390 Retail Center, Broomfield, 469-5865. The Boomers 5/2-4; Lionize 5/9-11; Core Zero 5/16-18; Shell Shocked 5/23-25; Big Band 5/28-31; T.R.X. 6/6-8; Cliche 6/13-15; Bugsy Malone 6/20-22; Core Zero 6/27-29.

La Coupole Cafe 22nd at Arapahoe, For May: Ron Washington, Dale Bruning and Paul Warburton.

Laddy's 9660 Ralston Rd., Arvada, 431-1212. Core Zero 5/10-11; Primo Z (Joey Sanchez) 5/12; X-Plicit 5/17-18; Warren Floyd 5/19; Typper Gore 5/24-25; Duncan Tuck 5/26; Borderland 5/31-6/1.

Lido Lounge 127 E. 20th, 295-9068. Call club for schedule.

Photo By Kyle Carstens

Bassist Larry Denning & Jux County initiate live music on Sunday nights at the Lion's Lair

Lion's Lair 2022 E. Colfax. Zoon Politikon 5/12; Dark Shadows 5/19; Pil Bug 5/26; Allan Stoumen Trio 6/2; Jux County 6/9; Thurs: The In Sounds From Way Out w/DJ Boyd Rice.

Little Bear 28075 Hwy 74, Evergreen, 674-9991. Little Bear Jam Session 5/21; Alpine Rescue Benefit 5/23; Moonlight Rhythm Band 5/27; Richie Havens 5/27; John Bayley 5/28; Lamont Cranston Band 6/11-12; Morning Star Band 6/17; Commander Cody 6/18.

London Pub 1245 W Belleview, Littleton, 794-3913. Windfield 5/7-11; Lil' Sister 5/16-18; Promise 5/23-25; Promise 5/30-31.

Mall Exchange 1585 Lawrence, 573-1400. Mark Diamond 5/10-11; Hazzie Miller 5/17-18; Backstreet 5/24-25; Indeya 5/30-1.

Maxx's Eatery and Lounge 8501 W. Bowles, Littleton, 979-9179. Rayners Lane 5/10-11; Mr. E. 5/17-18; Every Wednesday and Sunday is Ron Berg. Tuesday sing along with Lazor Karoke.

Meister's Night Club 5402 North Sheridan, 433-1450. Tipper Gore 5/7-11; We Enjoy Sex 5/12-13; X-tra X-tra 5/14-18; Bluebird 5/19-20; X-tra X-tra 5/21-25; Windfield 5/28-1.

Mercury Cafe 2199 California, 294-9281. Monkey Siren 5/10-11; John Fodor, Kristi Bartleson 5/12; Boogie Woogie Barrel house piano every Tuesday; Open stage 5/15; Tim Blake 5/16; Big Head Todd and the Monsters 5/17; Pau Brasil and Conjunto Colores 5/18; Mary's Danish 5/19; Open Stage 5/22; John Fodor and Kristi Bartleson 5/23; Twice Wilted 5/24; Simple Tones and Computer Class 5/25; Big Foot Torso and Sluggo (all ages show) 5/26; :Zoviet France: and Coyote Palace 5/29; Rude Culture 5/30; Mondo Bizzaro and the Reuniun of the Kamakazi Klones 5/31; Happy World 6/1.

Ogden Street South 103 S. Ogden, 722-0592. The Thrills 5/10; Theresa Lynn 5/17-18; Theresa Lynn 5/24-25; Concepts 5/31-1.

Outback 3141 28th, Boulder, 444-0081. Big Bang 5/10-11; John Lucy 5/12; Kevin Dewey and the Gather 5/15; Ground Crew 5/16; Trans Jam 5/17-18; John Lucy 5/19; Allen and Mark 5/22; Guitar Dudes 5/23; Billy and the Lost Boys 5/24-25; John Lucy 5/26; The Dennis Tiger Blues Band 5/29; J.A.B. 5/31-1; Cousin It 6/5; Road Kill Trout 5/6; Midnight's Crew 5/7-8; Ripcord 6/12; Rich Reno Band 6/13; Randy Handly 6/14; 4-Reel Drive 6/15; Black Water 6/19; Night Cats 6/20; The Feds 6/21-22; Ron Al Graten 6/26; Dick Frost 6/27; Joe Cool 6/28-29.

Penny Lane 1738 Pearl, Boulder, 443-9516. Water 5/10; Coyote Palace 5/11; Eleni S. and B.L. Kennedy 5/13; Little Fyodor and Pil Bug 5/17; Filpy McNasty 5/18; Open poetry reading 5/20; Rik Curry and Harmonized Crime 5/24; Geoffrey Murrieann, Danny Schaffer and Higher Ground 5/25; Memorial Day Film Benefit 5/27; Open stage 5/31; Poison Squirrels 6/1.

PJ Goodvibes 7129 Sheridan, Westminster, 427-8391. Kid Rhythm 5/7-12; Lionize 5/15-19; Passion 5/22-25.

Rear Inn Lounge 4491 W. 80th Ave, 426-4500. Squeezers 5/10; Insatiable 5/16-24 w/ a chili cook-off.

Ruby 708 E. 17th Ave, 831-8990. Maria Muldaur 5/10-11; Pau Brasil 5/15; Karen Davis with Rich Relations 5/16; Luther Johnson 5/17-18; Linda Maich 5/22-23; Mose Allison 5/24-25; Lannie Garrett 5/29-1; Tiny Tim 6/7-8.

Seven South 7 S. Broadway 744-0513. The Reactions w/The Zimmermans 5/14.

Sonesta 8800 N. Grant, 430-8017. Tiny Barge and the Big Chill 5/7-12; Dazzler 5/14-19; Sidewinder 5/21-26; Lionize 5/28-2.

Sports Channel 10286 N. Federal, 469-1411. T.R.X. 5/10-11; Sticks and Stones w/ Penny Lane 5/17-18; Total Strangers 5/24-25; D.C. Rockers 5/31-6/1.

Tequila Sunrise 840 Lincoln, 837-8921. Thursday: open stage.

Tulagi 1129 13th, Boulder, 442-1369. Left Over Salmon 5/11.

Tunetown 900 Auraria Parkway 534-8441. Tues-Sat: Rock & roll piano bar.

Underground 4701 National Western Dr., 293-2462. Apparition, Rhoar & Mausoleum 5/25.

Whiskey Bill's 7290 W. Colfax, Lakewood, 232-6314. Nasty Rumour 5/14-19; X-Plicit 5/21-26; X-tra X-tra 5/28-2.

York St. Cafe 2239 E. Colfax, 331-0533. Tsunami 5/9-12; Images 5/16-19; Dotsero 5/23-26; Dotsero 5/30-2.

Zenobia's 1278 Pennsylvania, 831-4448. Psycho Love Scene 5/10; Phinneus Cage and Spoiled Rotten 5/11; Red Moon Storm 5/17; Spanking Satan 5/18; Solstice 5/24; Dogs of Pleasure 5/25.

Ziggie's Saloon 4923 W. 38th Ave., 455-9930. Last Fair Deal 5/9; Tremblers 5/10-11; Alleygators 5/15; Strait Jacket 5/17-18; Freddy B 5/22; Kidd Pharoah 5/23; The Jems 5/24-25; Burnt Lips 5/26; Alleygators 5/29; Bon Hornbuckle 5/31.

DANCE CLUBS

Alfie's 9700 E. Iliff 752-4990.

Dead Beat Club 4040 E. Evans 758-6853.

Fish Dance 17th & Clarkson 832-FISH.

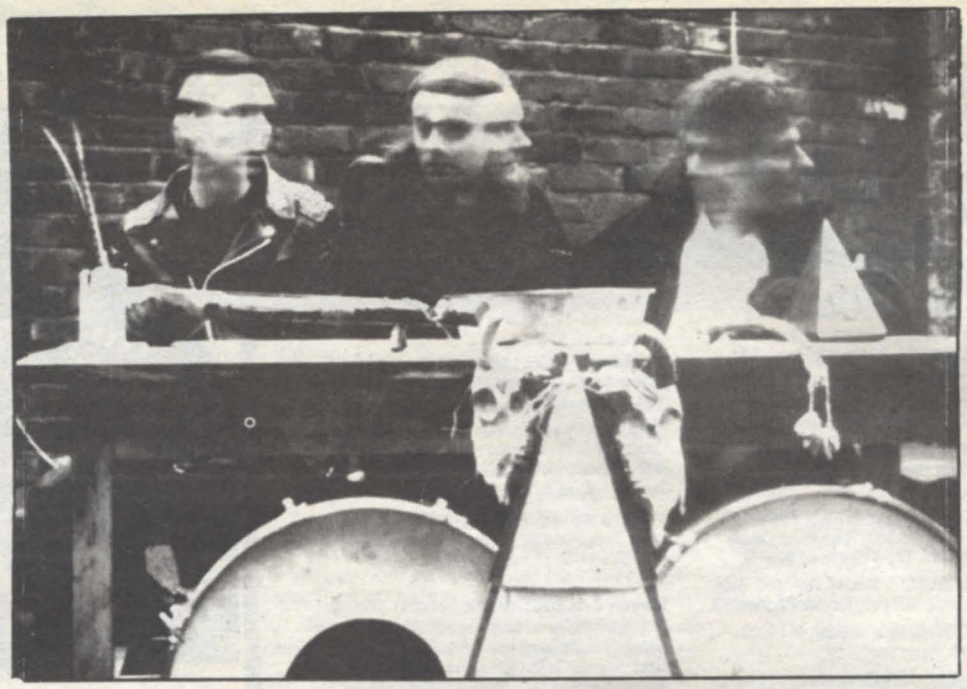
40th Chapel 4040 E. Evans 758-6853.

The Nineties 2975 Fox, 292-5351.

The Fox Hole 2936 Fox St. 296-8505. Variety shows: Mr. Jimmy James 5/18; Funny Gay Males 5/25; Big Ed 6/1.

Rock Island 164 15th, 572-7625.

23 Parrish 2301 Blake 292-0816. Wed: The Mighty Club It.



:zoviet ★ france:

Trance-visionary British experimental music group :zoviet france: from Newcastle-upon-Tyne will be making their first-ever tour of North America this spring, with a performance scheduled for Denver on May 29. The group has earned a tremendous following internationally over the last 10 years among appreciators of extreme/difficult/experimental music. In that time they have produced 15 full-length releases on cassette, LP and CD, featuring some very unusual and elaborate packaging, such as burlap, foil, masonite, ceramic and cedar.

"Trying to define the moment before the word, the moment before conscious memory begins—there is no verbal correspondence, only obsessive images and half-heard sound."

They have been virtually unknown as a performance group during this time, giving only seven live performances from 1981-90. For years :zoviet france: existed in deliberate anonymity, recording and releasing their music and continually manufacturing their incredible hand-crafted products.

In 1985 they began extensive international music networking through correspondence. They started participating in network projects like compilations, and were involved in producing a collective soundtrack to a film by Stan Brakhage. They are also involved in the organization of EARSHOT, a new major festival of experimental sound work that hosts performances by many other fine European music groups.

The vague anti-image they have cultivated over the years, combined with the hypnotic presence of their sound, has created a compelling enigma. In a recent interview they described themselves as quasi-folk musicians, imparting a self-defining kind of music of immediate experience that defies description. It is more a matter of visceral effect, acting on the mind and body. Members intuitively know exactly what is and isn't the :zoviet france: sound, creating it through improvisation on handmade acoustical instruments, tape recorders, and sound processors. They describe the process as "very addictive," providing them with musical revelations outside of conscious preconception.

And indeed, there is an evolved, mature :zoviet france: sound that is unmistakable, and the experience of listening to the music without the distraction of image and style is very direct and powerful. The bond between music and musician is so great that they describe releasing material as "a great sacrifice, a giving away of a part of themselves that they will never have again for themselves."

In an attempt to verbalize their music and concept, they once wrote the following to me: "...we tend to avoid self-analysis because we believe it will be detrimental to the music. Trying to define the moment before the word, the moment before conscious memory begins—there is no verbal correspondence, only obsessive images and half-heard sound. We can't get enough of it. Everything we record is a concentration of those sounds; they're the main ingredients. We make music for the love of sound. We can't get enough of it. Everything we record is a concentration of those sounds we find most powerful, which are generally those which are most evocative. Somebody wrote to us from Germany recently and described our music as a drug. He couldn't get enough of it either. I think one of the major considerations that marks us out from the other people working in similar fields is our reluctance to manipulate the listener...There is no control, (only) passive subversion."

—Joel Haertling

:zoviet france:, also featuring a film and live music by Architects Office and Coyote Palace, Wednesday, May 29, 9:30 p.m., Mercury Cafe, 2199 California St., 294-9258.

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THEN, A URINARY TRACT BOLO!
GAG WHA?
I CAN MAKE AND SELL MAIL ORDER BRIDES...
PROSITITUES, DANCERS AND EVEN A LIVING FREAK SHOW. I CAN DO ANYTHING. I HAVE PLENTY OF RAW MATERIAL!
THEN, A CRUSADING CADAVER.
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Opportunities

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Attention Students: Gain valuable experience, earn credits, and have a great time! CMM offers internships in graphic arts/production, editorial, and business/advertising. Learning guaranteed. Call 458-6134 for details.

Paparazzi-style photographers: CMM will buy your pix of people hanging out in the music scene (clubs, parties, etc). Must identify subject(s) by name and location. Photo credit + $5/published photo.

Musicians Wanted

Pro bassist & drummer from two of Denver's ex-top notch acts seeking lead guitarist with the determination, dedication, look, sound and at least one stack, for an all-original act leaning toward the Lynch Mob/L.A. Guns type. Only the serious need inquire. Joey or Joey, 940-9400, 423-7383 or 347-0078.

Mausoleum seeks lead vocalist with wide range of vocal abilities and heavy influences. All originals. Call George, 428-4753, or Bob, 428-3454.

Terra Shredda is seeking a real bass player. Must take instrument seriously. Team player. METAL. Doc, 665-0950, or Dennis, 665-0921.

Asystole seeks bass player with great attitude. Own equipment and road ready, to play progressive grindcore 5-7 times a week. Must have own trans. Jeff or Bob, 871-9686 or Mike, 287-2490.

HELP looking for seasonal experienced vocalist interested in a very dedicated situation with an original concept in mind. All original music. Open-minded, ideas expected. Call Dave 451-5280, Jav 288-9587 or Rick 371-2720.

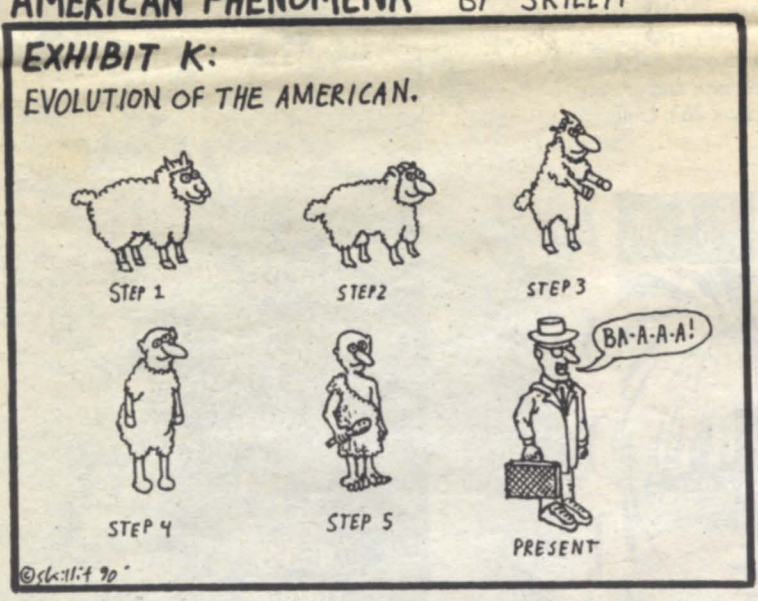
Aerlax seeks heavy bassist with own gear for an original, thrashing, metal moshing sound. Call Eli 480-9541 or Art 433-8151. If you're not serious, don't waste our fucking time.

Hard rock band seeks lead vocalist. Influences: The Cult. Age 18-23 only. Ed Morrison 894-0802.

Metal/Thrash band looking for Bassist/Vocals. Into Slayer, Testament and Megadeth. Call Doug 730-3907.

Looking for Thick Grindcore Bassist into Napalm, Entombed and Carcass. Robert 771-8225 or Dave 770-3779.

AMERICAN PHENOMENA BY SKILLIT



A Murder of Crows seeks drummer and bass guitar for alternative new age metal (fast). Call Chuck, 989-7243, or Marty, 238-8018, eves. No copycats.

Innovative guitarist wanted for all original, all acoustic project. Sound = early Neil Young plus Pixies plus M. Hedges. Mike 863-0243 (evenings).

Come On! Aren't there any people into glam in this town? Looking to form a band in the vein of Faster Pussycat, Pretty Boy Floyd & Vain. Call David, 452-5643.

Bass player wanted for classic metal cover/original band. Influences include Black Sabbath, Judas Priest, and others. Call Mark 457-9271, Ben 936-4323.

Wanted. Violin, viola &/or cello. Percussion/drums. Keyboardist. Exploratory approach. All original compositions. Committed, self-motivated need only apply. Network studion. Performance soundtrack. Touring oriented. Enjoy: S.P.K., Art Zoyd, Budd, This Mortal Coil, Dead Can Dance, Pendrecki, J. Grenki. Georz, 443-6228 (Boulder).

Serious nontypical band seeks male/female vocalist to head original guitar-based band. Influences: 4AD, Smiths, House of Love, '80s post punk. No dance, '60s revival, funk or rock & roll. Call Mike, 786-3447.

The Hands of God are seeking an experienced vocalist. Looks and attitude a must. Influences include: Bauhaus, Depeche Mode, Bauhaus, Ultravox. We're serious; hope you are too. Call 832-6826, 837-1738.

Absence of Reality seeks open-minded bassist. We'll be playing shows and recording soon. Call Matt, 460-8240 or 455-3917.

Solid drummer needed for music projects. Influenced by: Voivod, Devo, Sun Ra, and Ferns. Call the Poco Herring (John), 832-2104.

Christell looking for heavy/melodic guitarist for hardcore concept band. Production and compromise a must. Live your dream! Influences: Judas Priest, Fate's Warning, Queensryche, Sanctuary and new Black Sabbath. Amen Christell 766-0320.

Molotov is looking for a new singer. If you've got balls and can sing and have got a look, give us a call. 494-0688, Brad.

Wanted: Lead vocalist for progressive hard rock band. Will be doing studio work and shows in very near future. Equipment and balls a must. No BOZOS! Call or lv message. Steve 421-2514, Mike 936-4601, Ian and Darren 987-3420.

Well-motivated h/c punk band seeks drummer w/equipment. No skinheads 367-5432.

Working rock band Looking for professional rock/guitarest/sings lead vocals for hardrock top 40 F/T band. Holly 420-3403 anytime, or leave message.

Ex-Psychonaut guitar player seeks drummer. Influences include Slayer, Kreator, Overkill, etc. Call Eddie at 986-6250.

Nocturne seeks lead vocalist with wide range of vocal abilities. Wide range of heavy influences. All originals. Call George at 429-3932 or Bob at 428-3454.

The Judge needs a drummer. Influences include Motorhead, Ramones, Maiden, AC-DC. All original. Call Chris, 830-1686.

Malice In Wonderland seeks solid dedicated bassist. Into Iggy Pop, T-Rex, Johnny Thunders and Robert Johnson. Relocating to L.A. in June. Call Rhoades 665-4313.

All Original melodic sleaze metal band seeks bassist w/ professional gear, image, chops and attitude, Austin 839-1261.

Female drummer and female lead guitar to complete all female band. Mostly original heavy metal, serious musicians only. Laura 696-8703.

Bass player and lead guitarist wanted for all original melodic metal thrash band. Into Suicidal, Savatage, Rough Cutt, Anthrax. Full set, equipment, own practice place. Career minded. Joe or Thor at 733-9364.

Soul Children to form a flannel/glam band. Something like a cross between Dinosaur Jr. and T. Rex. String sections? Kevin 786-7117 in Boulder.

Drummer with personal style and an adventurous attitude. Seriousness is a must. You will have a place to stay, no metal heads. Into Adolescents, G.B.H., Reagan Youth and Social Distortion. Call Johnny (719) 544-8249 between 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.

Domination seeks experienced bass player and drummer. Must be fluent in all metal and hard rock styles, and ready for the road in the spring. Call Bret at Snake Eyes Productions 752-2767.

Bassist and drummer sought for hardworking original progressive metal band with rehearsal space in Boulder. Call Scott 494-9043.

Musicians Available

Speed/Death metal rhythm guitarist. Influences: Cannibal Corpse, Deicide, Pestilence, Kreator, etc. Nick 666-9480.

Lead guitarist looking to join a Death Metal band. Played 3 years. 15 years old. Influences Slayer, Megadeth. Jess, 494-9516.

Bass Player seeks rock band. Influences: VU, Hendrix, Sex Pistols, Eno, Bauhaus. Call Greg, 333-5958.

Novice guitarist seeks other beginners to practice with. Primarily interested in hard rock/heavy metal, but willing to try just about any style at this stage. Call Chris at 238-8203 and let's see what we can arrange.

Drummer and guitarist looking for rest of band. Emphasis on original rock/metal/thrash. Call Doug or Rick at 730-3907.

Versitile Female Singer/songwriter looking for musicians interested in an original band. Lv. message for Fate 722-9653.

Bassist seeks open-minded guitarist, drummer, singer for progressive/hardcore band. Influences: Bad Brains, Primus, Rush, Voivod, I. Maiden, Murphy's Law, P. Floyd, and more. Call Bill, 758-8190.

Bassist available for dedicated band! All kinds of metal! Influences: Suicidal Tendencies, Gwar and Faster Pussycat. No Posers. Call Brandon anytime. 789-2755.

Experienced bass player wants to join steadily working top 40 rock band. Have equipment, transportation and can sing. Call Shawn, 290-1303.

Speed/Death Metal rhythm guitarist. Call Nick 666-9480. Influences: Cannibal Corpse, Deicide, Pestilence, Kreator, etc.

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Experienced vocal/lead guitar wants to join est. Death Metal band. Entombed, Napalm. Jeff, 582-3309.

Drummer looking for band. Have double kit. Emphasis on original rock-metal-thrash. Call Rick, 795-1002 (H.), 795-5655 (W.).

Beginning bassist looking to join a dedicated band. Fast learner, young. Call Brandon anytime, 789-2755.

Guitar player interested in building up some unique sound. Personally, I have a gothic rock image. Not technical type, but emotional. Influences: The Cult, The Doors, The Ramones and more. T.M. 830-8468.

Grindcore guitarist available. Call Robert at 771-8225. Into Napalm Death, Carcass, Morbid Angel, Entombed.

Musical Equipment

Grandview Music, 7515 Grandview Ave., Arvada, 940-9400. A complete music store for the professional musician. Now carrying lines such as Tube Works, A.R.T., Kramer, Electro Voice, Boss, Premier, Zilljan, Sabian, Ashley, Rain, AKG, Shure, CMS, and many, many more. We'll meet or beat anyone.

Tons of Marshall gear for sale, plus other assorted stuff. Call 744-9634.

Don't be buttheads! Save tall piles of cash. Best prices on new and used equipment like: Marshall, ADA, Hiwatt, Rivera and Art. (Small animals and other goodies!) We buy, sell, trade. Guitar Merchants. 463 S. Broadway 744-9664.

Black Charvel Bass. Excellent condition. P.J. pickup setup. Hard-shell case. $450. Two Killer empty 15" speaker cabinets with metal grills. $100 for one, or $150 for both. Call Tom at 480-1070 or lv. message.

Services Offered

Heavy Metal Guitar Method Workshop with Jon Chappell (editor for Metallica, Guns n' Roses, Black Crowes, Joe Satriani, Steve Morse, Steve Vai, Skid Row and more) Friday, 5/24 at 7 p.m. at Rockley Music Center, 8555 W. Colfax, 233-4444.

BLUE HAIR welcomes Raven Moore...she specializes in hair-color and cuts for creative people! Give Raven a call at 443-BLUE, Boulder.

Graham Creative Enterprises: your choice for your next demo cover, logo design, flyer, banner, etc. Call Doug Graham at his studio. 722-2703.

Guitar Instruction with Randy Lotus. All styles. $10 for 45 minute lesson. 744-9664.

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Notices/Messages

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Shred Heads: Win a guitar and amp in Guitar Merchants' G-&-A Give-Away. For details call Rock Palace 741-5555 or Guitar Merchants 744-9664.

CALLING ALL BANDS: CMM is putting together an all-local issue, and we want to include you. Send bios, demos, photos, merchandise, logos, etc. to CMM, PO Box 481343, Denver, CO 80248.

FREE! Beyond Sound Jam Night. First Monday of each month. Call 427-6789 for details.

Action for Animals seeks bands for benefit performances for animal protection organization. Deidra, 698-0954.

Attention Everyone! RAVEN, formerly at der Salon, has flown north. She's now roosting at Blue Hair in Boulder and is still doing progressive, creative hairstyles! 443-2583.

For Sale, Etc.

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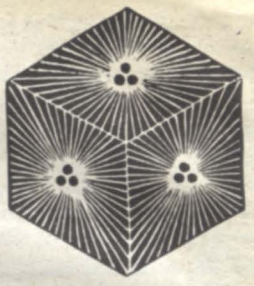

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